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POETRY
MISCELLANEOUS
AND
DRAMATIC

P O E T R Y

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EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY JAMES WILSON, (SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE JAMES WILSON, AND JAMES WILSON, SUCCESSORS TO THE LATE JAMES WILSON.)

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AND

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AN ARTIST. K

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR PETER HILL, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, AND J. DAVIS, (SUCCESSORS TO MR CADELL,)

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ADVERTISEMENT

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ADVERTISEMENT.

POETRY, though it has never encroached on the regular labour of the Author in his Profession, has yet occupied a constant share of his attention. To him, therefore, the present Publication becomes a reality for time past, and accounts for many hours which might have been more unprofitably spent.--- With regard to its success, he will not allow himself to be anxious.----He believes the Public is, for the most part, as much inclined to praise as to censure ; and that, in the application of either, it is seldom wrong. He, therefore, simply states, that he has endeavoured to deserve well. If he is unsuccessful, he then trusts, that he has done no more harm, than he who writes his verses on the sand, which the waves of the returning tide will infallibly wash away.



ESK WATER,

A
P O E M.

ARGUMENT.

THE Esk, a beautiful stream, whose waving banks, broken by rocks, and adorned with wood, are described as seen reflected from its surface.—The general beauties of its banks productive of early spring—as being frequented by birds—as affording shelter from the heats of summer.—Such scenes favourable for reflection—pride an enemy to the enjoyment of the scenes of nature—the advantages of honest simplicity, as opposed to vice and folly—a wish.—The Author at Edinburgh awakened by Fancy, and invited to attend her to Roslin, on the banks of the Esk.—Description of the prospect from Libberton on the road to Roslin.—The scenes on the Thames inferior to those in the Lothians.—Various views around Edinburgh—description of Edinburgh—formerly the seat of Royalty.—Poets in the time of the Scottish Kings—The absence of Royalty lamented—attuned for by Liberty and Science.—Apostrophe to Liberty.—The Author pursues his excursion to Roslin—approaches the ruins—reflects on the transitory nature of human grandeur.—
The

The superiority of virtue and wisdom.—Twilight favourable to scenes of grandeur—account of the Author's feelings upon seeing the ruins for the first time.—Walks round Roslin—reflections.—Love of sylvan scenes a happy preface of virtue and genius.—Romantic indulgences in the admiration of nature reprov'd.—Man was formed for society.—An invitation to rural pleasures.—Reflections in the Chapel of Roslin—the melancholy which arises from the view of lone and dreary scenes favourable to contrary impressions—contrast an universal principle of pleasure.—Description of Hawthornden—its poet—description of the rocks of Dryden—similarity between these and the works of SALVATOR ROSA—RUNCIMAN—Ossian's Hall.—The poems of Ossian favourable for the painter—recommendation to the young artist to study.—MORE—subjects for the pencil recommended from Dalkeith.—Melville—Castle—Mavisbank—Springfield—and the scenes described in the Gentle Shepherd.—Scenes such as those on the Esk always frequented by the ingenious.—The present state of the river and its vicinity, foretold by an ancient Bard.



ESK WATER.

THY winding banks, sweet Esk! are ever dear,
Thy murm'ring wave is ever wand'ring clear.
If scatter'd trees, or thick'ning woods delight,
If tow'ring rocks can lift the wond'ring sight,
Hung o'er thy water, Esk! these beauties grow,
And clear thy streams reflect them as they flow:
For oft, in glassy pools, the bordering scene,
A headlong prospect! waves unblemish'd green.
As bend the willows by the river's side,
There, rise their shadows in th' unruff'd tide.
And there, descending nods the downward grove,
As mounts the verdure on the banks above.

Delightful banks! where spring is earliest seen
To bud the thorn, and give the vale its green,
The crocus springs, the primrose too is found,
Soon as the daisy decks the meadow ground.
Early the flocks their sportive offspring give;
And early, here, the unfledg'd warblers live.

Here, may the pencil mimic shapely trees;
But ah! the pencil wants the moving breeze.
In vain the tuneful bard attempts the scene,
His glowing numbers want the varied green.

A

The

The sweet musician, here, in sound outdone,
Pleas'd with the song of birds, forgets his own.
The larks, upborn on quivering pinions rise,
And give their raptures to the vocal skies.
The linnets, sprightly seek the furze, and tell
In chearful notes, where mirth and passion dwell,
The redbreast, now, has left the haunts of men,
And, from the hawthorn, joins the warbling wren.
The goldfinch and the woodlark lend their notes,
And all the blackbirds swell their sounding throats.
While, from some tow'ring bough, the woods along,
'Midst many a pause, the thrush recites his song.

Delightful banks ! in many a charm array'd,
Of hazel arbours, or of birchen shade.
Where the rich copse, or deep'ning woods prevail,
And scent with fragrance every passing gale.
For, fragrant here, the summer breezes blow ;
Fresh are the showers the summer clouds bestow :
Dear is the shelter from the summer's beam,
While, sunk in shadow, glides the cooling stream.

Through scenes like these, oft let me lonely rove,
And feed the transport sacred to the grove.
O SOLITUDE ! beneath thy friendly shade,
A welcome guest may I be often made.
How lost are they, who from thy haunts depart,
Fearful to learn the secrets of the heart !
How blest are they, who dare their errors scan,
And wring the bosom to exalt the man !

Ye lordly great ! who rule the chequer'd plain,
 Who spurn the poor, and scorn the simple swain,
 'Tis not for you returning spring is love ;
 'Tis not for you that nods the summer's grove :
 With autumn's gifts, in vain the board is drest,
 Where pride unconquer'd riots in the breast.

In vain the great of titles boast and blood,
 Their glorious priv'lege to be greatly good.
 This honour'd claim, if vice or folly stain,
 Peace, heavenly virgin, sooner courts the swain,
 Who, far from grandeur, smiles tho' these despise ;
 While round him nature bids her beauties rise :
 For him, the morning buds the dewy rose ;
 For him, the evening sinks in soft repose ;
 To him, the wint'ry storm is idle rage ;
 No frown has winter, and no terror age.

O ! thus, to me, may years, from day to day,
 Steal gently on, till life dissolve away.
 So, shall my tongue no peevish wish impart,
 No rude complainings to disgrace my heart.
 So, shall the passing hour be amply blest,
 My youth be pleasure, and my age be rest.
 So, blameless fancy, as I glide along,
 Shall still delighted aid my artless song.

And, where EDINA lifts her tow'ring head,
 Has youthful Fancy often fought my bed,

And call'd, with soul-delighting voice, "Awake!
 "Soon will the morning glitter on the lake:
 "The early lark now shakes his dewy wing;
 "The vocal grove will soon begin to sing;
 "I go, in ROSLIN's rural vale to rove;
 "Awake! arise! and follow where you love."

Bent for the groves, I reach the rising ground,
 Where rural LIBBERTON (*a*) looks far around.
 The sun, just rising o'er diminish'd MAY, (*b*)
 Shoots o'er th' expanse of sea his mellow ray.
 ARTHUR's high summit tips with light, and falls
 Romantic gilding old CRAIGMILLAR's (*c*) walls.
 The neighb'ring copse, with shadow rich embrown'd,
 Far from the eye throws off the distant ground.
 The shaded mountain shades the scene below,
 Where light reflected gives a purple glow.

Renown'd the prospects on the banks of THAMES;
 Form'd to delight with sweet poetic dreams.
 Pleasant his rising lawns, and shady trees;
 Fresh is the spring, and tepid is the breeze:
 His is the chearful spot; the spreading plain;
 But not the grandeur of a LOTHIAN scene.

Here, landscapes rich with hill and valley made,
 O'er bolder outlines wave the deeper shade.
 Rude are the hoary cliffs the mountains show;
 Dark wave the foliage in the shades below;

Deep

Deep are the gloomy wilds ; the sounding shores
 Incessant murmur as their river roars ;
 Splendid the FORTH, (*d*) and waves an ample tide
 Amidst her many mountains circling wide ;
 No shining lake can brighter pomp display,
 As bursts the morning, sinks the closing day.

Whether, where ARTHUR'S (*e*) rugged rocks arise,
 You mark the distant landscape FIFE supplies ;
 Whether, by COLLINGTON'S (*f*) enchanting stream,
 Of rocks, and trees, and flowers, you love to dream ;
 Whether, where CRAMOND (*g*) waves her verdure
 round,

A beauteous contrast to the distant ground,
 Where, o'er the FRITH, the OCHILL (*h*) mountains rise,
 And distant LOMOND doubtful on the skies ;
 Whether, to Esk you wander, and agree
 To rest a while at LIBBERTON with me,
 'Tis all delight ; variety profuse ;
 'Tis grandeur, varying in a thousand views.

Mountains, and seas, and groves, and fertile fields,
 And cloud-approaching spires, the prospect yields.
 For lo ! where fortrefs crown'd, in aerial hue,
 EDINA, (*i*) graceful, fills the distant view.
 Romantic tow'ring o'er her lofty hill,
 Large is the mass her pond'rous buildings fill.
 O'er the huge pile the circling smoke ascends,
 Floats in the air, and in a cloud depends.
 Thro' varying shapes the yellow vapours flow,
 And aid the wildness of the range below.

Hail

Hail gothic grandeur ! where, for ages gone,
 A race of **KINGS** has fill'd the **SCOTTISH** throne.
KINGS doom'd to tread the ever dangerous path,
 With feudal discord, and fanatic wrath.
 Unhappy **PRINCES** ! born to short repose,
 'Twixt rebel subjects, and insidious foes.
 Yet, destin'd to bequeath their names to days
 Sacred to genius, and immortal lays.

With gen'rous heart, and with a faithful tongue,
 Superior to his age, first, **BARBOUR** (*k*) sung.
 The deeds he told by valiant **BRUCE** atchiev'd ;
 The **PRINCE** exalted, and the land reliev'd.
 Historic truth shines radiant through the veil
 Poetic ardour weaves to deck the tale.
 Drest in imperial purple, **JAMES** (*l*) appears,
 And claims the garland which the poet wears.
 If songs of plaintive love, or tales of whim,
 Can win that garland, it belongs to him.
 Nor shall the Crown that sparkl'd on his brow,
 A dearer mem'ry on his name bestow.
 The gifts of fortune are but transient made ;
 But fancy's honours green can never fade.
 Blind from his birth, next, **HENRY** (*m*) seeks applause,
 And arms his **WALLACE** in his country's cause.
 Immortal **WALLACE** will protect his name,
 Whose gen'rous bosom chose the patriot-theme.
DUNBAR (*n*) succeeds, and slumb'ring genius wakes ;
 Fancy its truth, and wit its humour takes.

With

With parts extensive, it is his to please,
 Who laughs with nature, and who thinks with ease.
 But not unrivall'd his ingenious lays,
 For DOUGLAS (*o*) sings, and claims a lasting praise.
 With him, description waves the magic wand
 That wafts th' enchanted soul from land to land.
 With him, again, do VIRGIL's beauties charm,
 Swell the fond thought, and prompt the patriot-arm.
 Last LINDSAY (*p*) comes, and priestly pride arraigns
 With strong invectives in facetious strains ;
 But vain his humour, zealots are alarm'd,
 And bards are silent when the priest is arm'd.

Sacred to memory be the names of these,
 Who fought the soothing arts, in ruthless days.
 Who living vices, living virtues scan'd ;
 Or trode familiar on imagin'd land.

No more, EDINA, shall thy walls repeat
 Transports attending upon royal state ;
 No more, thy KINGS rewarding smiles impart
 To wistful genius or laborious art :
 Yet still shall genius, still shall art contend,
 Still added honours shall thy name defend ;
 Bright o'er thy fields shall ceaseless sun-beams shine,
 While heaven-born Peace, and Liberty are thine.

Long, long, O Liberty ! make Britons blest ;
 Dear are thy precepts to the patriot-breast.

Tho'

Tho' troubles rise, and check thy early way,
 Bright are the beams that gild thy risen day.
 For knowledge, honour, art, each bosom burns,
 And, o'er the land, the golden age returns.
 Thus shoots the oak, and drains his parent plain,
 But sheds his leaves to nourish earth again.
 Enrich'd the soil, hence, other shoots prevail,
 Climb o'er the hill, and wind along the dale:
 Wide o'er the scene, new woods on woods arise,
 And breathe their fragrance on surrounding skies.

Hail, happy days! renown'd EDINA, hail!
 These days are thine, when all the arts prevail.
 Thine is a HUME, to grace th' historic page;
 A KAIMES is thine, to chasten fancy's rage;
 A GREGORY thine, with sweetness to impart
 Th' endearing duties of the gen'rous heart.
 Each art and science thine, enrich'd with names
 Suited to songs that seek exalted themes.
 But swift, from learning's slippery fields, I haste
 To scenes, where Nature welcomes every guest.
 Fond to resume the sylvan song, I go
 To wilds, where, Esk, thy murm'ring currents flow.

Ye breezes, blow, and cool my beating veins;
 Or rise, ye clouds, and shade the burning plains.
 The sun beams fervid, while expos'd I stray
 Where not a hawthorn shades th' unclouded day.

The weary way at length is happ'ly past,
 And ROSLIN'S (q) honour'd pile appears at last.

Alas,

Alas, alas! how transient is the fame,
That trusts the marble to protect his name!
When walls like these, with massy buttress bound,
A few short ages level to the ground.

In vain, tho' pyramids like EGYPT's, shroud
The loathsome remnants of the vain and proud.
True fame no vase, nor vast mausoleum needs,
But, self-existing, lives in virtuous deeds.
By virtue, wisdom, seek to raise thy name;
The massy tomb let splendid tyrants claim.

With ruin'd grandeur pleas'd, my steps pursue
The mould'ring fabric, in each varying view.
But, as in throngs, where sport the young and gay,
The voice of wisdom wants its wonted sway;
So, in the splendour of the sunny scene,
Th' informing ruin yields its look serene.
Wisdom, to please, to lone retreats must lead,
And scenes of grandeur ask the twilight shade.

Such was the gloom, when first I look'd around
On all the wonders of this hallowed ground.
Each form of grandeur awful struck my breast;
The strong remembrance will for ever last.
O'er these rude walls, which storms nor tempests spare,
Which ill resemble what they early were,
O'er these rude walls, a giddy height! I hung,
Above where howlets rear their nestled young;
And heard the hollow whisp'ring breezes breathe,
Sad, thro' the arch, among the rocks beneath.
And heard, confin'd within its rugged shore,
So far below, the gurgling water roar.

B

To

To vision lost, my ears resound with dread,
And every object reels around my head.

Attracted, now, by other scenes, I tread
Where winds the river thro' its circling bed.
So smooth along the op'ning vale its tide,
No dimples rude the surface smooth divide.
While o'er the banks, the flocks at pasture go,
The oxen graze the richer vale below ;
Her shepherd passing near, the milk-maid sees,
And chants the air she fondly hopes will please ;
With equal fondness, equal hopes he burns,
And sweet his pipe a tender air returns.
The castle echoes every rural strain,
And the clear stream reflects the living scene.

But rapid rolling with impetuous force,
Along the hoary wild, the river's course ;
Gushing, amidst impeding rocks, it flows,
Roars as it falls, and whitens as it goes.

Where slope the banks, the stream in murmurs sighs,
But hoarse its roar, where rugged rocks arise.
Thus, blest the moments as along they roll,
While hope's delusive empire holds the soul :
But cares intruding, interrupt the stream,
Check the fond thought, and mar the happy dream :
For, human life a chequer'd scene must prove
Of pain and pleasure, fear, hope, hate and love.

Ye, who can happ'ly quit the city's toil,
Who long to haunt through summer scenes a while,
Curb

Curb not, nor deem your fond pursuits as vain;
 For glorious uses shoots the sylvan scene.
 O! happy symptom of a soul refin'd,
 To love to muse where oozing waters wind:
 Where rocks, and trees, in pleasing grandeur wrought,
 Infuse a transport o'er th' exploring thought:
 Hence, low desires extirpate from the breast,
 The soul aspires to elegance and taste.

That mad delight the muse forbids to raise,
 Which wild romance attempts with ceaseless praise.
 That mad delight, which paints the rural scene,
 The blest retreat from the deceits of men,
 Gives wood and water, ceaseless joys to bring,
 Perpetual verdure, and eternal spring:
 Transforms the simple tenants of the plains
 To blissful nymphs, and ever-joyful swains:
 And, falsely innocent, resolves to share
 With nature's tuneful choir their common fare.

Know, young enthusiast! tho' thy bosom beat
 With strong emotions, in the green retreat,
 Tho' transport smiling hover o'er the scene,
 Thy lasting pleasure must be fought with men.
 False is the craz'd imagination's strife,
 To shun in shades the common cares of life.
 False is the hope the landscape's charm will last,
 If pride, or sloth, enerve the glowing breast.
 False to extol the hermit's holy bed;
 For ends more sacred man was social made.

To him alone, who, with industrious aim,
 Pursues an useful art, and honest fame;
 To him, who seeks his fellow's wants to know,
 Who feels a brother's bliss, a brother's woe;
 To him, alone, does nature bounteous reign,
 And smile eternal o'er the wide champaign:
 And thus, in grotto, or in green abode,
 To relish nature is to walk with God.

Then, welcome ye! the woodland joys to share,
 Relax'd from bus'ness, or domestic care,
 Ye! who, by social duties warm'd, come down
 To hail the country from the noisy town.
 Welcome! where ROSLIN's scenes alike impart
 Themes to the joyous and the thinking heart.

Would'st thou not shun the hallowed ground, to tread
 Where rest enshrin'd the long illustrious dead;
 With plaintive sadness pleas'd, would'st thou repose
 Where once Religion's rev'rend altars rose;
 In yonder GOTHIC AISLE (*r*) retiring gaze,
 And mark the relics of departed days.
 There, on the polish'd pavement prostrate laid,
 Have crowded saints their righteous worship paid.
 The vaulted roof the garnish'd columns bear,
 Has oft resounded to the voice of pray'r.
 The columns, now, and sculptur'd walls consume,
 And hang corroding o'er the patriot's tomb.

O! wherefore shun the silent cloistered cells,
 Where, 'midst the charnel, melancholy dwells.

A tranſient ſadneſs will not chill the heart ;
 But aid the pleaſure that the woods impart.
 Thus, does the ſun, which thick'ning vapours ſhroud,
 Beam brighter ſplendour, darting from his cloud.
 The trav'ler, thus, whom Alpine ſcenes ſurround
 With heights of horror, and with gulphs profound,
 Where range above expaſſive fields of ſnow,
 Where light'nings flaſh from louting clouds below,
 Where, o'er an hundred mountains thunders roll,
 And ſhake the firmneſs of his ſteady ſoul,
 The horror feels ; but feels the pleaſure too,
 Italian proſpects op'ning on his view ;
 Where winding vales in vineyards rich extend,
 Where fertile hills in graceful ſhapes aſcend,
 Where ſhining lakes reflect the nodding groves,
 While high the ſun in cloudleſs glory moves.

He muſt, who ſeeks for bleſs, ſuſtain alarms ;
 'Tis thus, that nature, by contraſting, charms.
 Her ſcenes, compos'd of varying objects, riſe,
 To pleaſe, to charm, to awe, or to ſurpriſe.
 Sweet are the ſwelling banks, with verdure crown'd ;
 The groves delight which ſkirt the hill around ;
 Rugged the caves, where roars th' impeded flood ;
 And grand the rocky wild o'erhung with wood.
 Each object, ſingly, bears a paſſive part ;
 Contraſt awakes them, and they ſeize the heart.
 What were the ſcene, if only rocks were ſeen ?
 A wild fantaſtic, with a hateful mein.
 What is the lengthen'd wood ? a labour paſt,
 Where every turn is gloomy as the laſt.

But,

But, 'midst the op'ning woods, let rocks appear,
 And the strong contrast works enchantment there.
 'Tis hence the ravish'd bosoms rapt'rous glow,
 Where rocks arise, and woods and waters flow.

Chastely romantic, hast thou wish'd to dwell,
 Where the huge rock o'erlooks the winding dell?
 Where the hoarse raven, and the cushew dove,
 Below thy gaze, o'erfly the nodding grove?
 Hast thou a wish, thro' caverns deep to stray,
 Where scarce reflected sun-beams find their way?
 Behold a model of the wish'd-for scene,
 Where, o'er its caverns, rises HAWTHORNDEN (*s*).
 Here, DRUMMOND (*t*) lay'd, and dug his mossy cell;
 Here, from the rock, he view'd the winding dell:
 Here, 'neath his eye, he saw the thickets grow;
 And heard the water murm'ring far below:
 Here, varying nature struck his bosom strong,
 And charm'd the breast that swell'd with moral song.
 O DRUMMOND! first to teach the tuneful art
 To float melodious o'er the captive heart.
 O! form'd to please, if love's soft accents flow,
 Or swell the verse to plaintive pangs of woe,
 By murm'ring Esk, while pensive wanderers roam,
 The glist'ning eye shall trace thy mould'ring tomb.

Hail, ye dear scenes of rocks, and caves, and floods,
 Of love-inspiring, blush-concealing woods.
 For ever varying with the wand'ring view;
 For ever varying, and for ever new.

Above

Above the stream, see DRYDEN's rocks arise,
 A lofty stone-throw upward on the skies.
 Here points a cliff athwart th' inebrious wave,
 And here the breezes find the whistling cave.
 The winning wiles of wanton childhood play,
 Where ivy winding, warps its upward way.
 Like friendship fond to deck her hero's brow,
 See nodding brambles on the summits grow,
 Where, lost in air, some scatter'd trees deny
 Their force of shade, and liquid join the sky.

Scenes grand as these, O ROSA! (*u*) didst thou hail,
 And, 'neath the grandeur, did thy pencil fail.
 Shapely the rock that forms thy mossy grot,
 And light the foliage of the lowly spot.
 Fancy delights thy rugged steps to trace,
 But grandeur asks to range in larger space.
 For, vain the pencil to impart the dread,
 Where the huge rock o'erhangs the giddy head.
 The bold perspective, on the canvas trac'd,
 Offends the eye, where nature aw'd the breast.

Shall ROSA's shade be known o'er Esk to fly,
 And RUNC'MAN's (*v*) genius pass unheeded by?
 RUNC'MAN, who fought where nature's grandeur lay,
 Whose eye pursued, where fancy led the way.
 Whose soul was ardent, and whose great design
 To Fancy's fav'rites gave the glow divine.
 Had but his hand been faithful to his fire,
 To latest times had OSSIAN struck the lyre!
 CLERK's (*w*) storied hall had dearer been to fame;
 Tho' ESK still glories in her Painter's name!

O happy theme! for him, on canvas bold,
 Who dares to trace what deathless OSSIAN told!
 Where loveliness, like light, MALVINA draft,
 Where AGANDECCA heav'd the snowy breast,
 Where FINGAL, 'midst his sons, a warlike train,
 Urges to glory on th' ensanguin'd plain.
 O mournful theme! the dreadful conflict done,
 To trace the hero sorrowing for his son!
 Three rugged stones denote the warrior's bed;
 While sings the blast that bends the thistle's head.
 Dread is the scene, when, at the midnight hour,
 Blazes the distant glare of SARNO's tower.
 While hostile on the blast, with eyes of flame,
 And looks of wrath, the sp'rit of LODA came.
 Tho' terrible in size his form abhor'd,
 The KING advancing draws his flaming sword:
 The gleaming blade imparts its wonted boon,
 And, through the fiend, reveals the gloomy moon.

Fond youth, does morning bring thee dreams of fame,
 And would'st thou glory in a painter's name;
 Trust not, tho' fancy rays around thee spread,
 And point to paths unknown to mortal tread.
 Thy bold conceptions would'st thou bold impart,
 Thy ardent mind must seek the paths of art.
 O'er many a soul transporting visions stray,
 'Tis art that gives them to immortal day:
 Without it aided, genius, frantic grown,
 Shrinks on itself, content to be unknown:
 Hence, oft extinguish'd is a RAPHAEL's glow;
 And oft a MILTON whistles at the plow.

Shall

Shall painting warm me, as I move along,
 O Esk ! thy banks, and MORE (x) not grace the song !
 He, who, in early days, would often rove,
 Where rise thy rocks, and where extends thy grove,
 The steepy banks that overhang thy wave
 First rais'd the transport that his pencil gave ;
 First fix'd upon his soul those forms sublime
 Which grac'd the pictures of a warmer clime ;
 Where, far o'er classic ground, his fame is spread,
 Alone disputed by delightful CLAUD. (y)

Who, with his wish, can o'er his picture weave
 The gleam of sun-shine, or the ruddy eve,
 How may he pleas'd, DALKEITH's (z) delights survey'd,
 Combine the beauties of the wood or glade !
 Bid the old oaks their hundred branches raise,
 Or blend the tints the younger wood displays !
 Bid op'ning vistas wide reveal the lawn,
 Where bounds the courser, or where starts the fawn !
 How may he pleas'd, where MELVILLE's (A) beauties
 rise,
 Give fairy prospects to the ravish'd eyes !
 From MAVISBANK (B) steal sylvan charms away,
 Or rise on SPRINGFIELD, (C) at the op'ning day !
 What time the clouds are ruddy purple made,
 The red sun rising from his yellow bed,
 O'er wood and wild the warm effusion spread,
 Soft is the light, ærial is the shade.

If classic ground, the scenes of rural song,
 Pure as e'er flow'd from guiltless shepherd's tongue
 Shall
 C Invite

Invite thy ready hand where RAMSAY (*D*) stray'd,
 And found the beauties he so well display'd,
 And found the manners he so well express'd,
 The maiden's blush, the shepherd's throbbing breast:
 Go paint the birchen shade, the grassy field,
 The fall of water, and the rocky beild;
 The neighbouring mountain, and its knolls below,
 And all the charms encircling HABBIE'S HOWE (*E*).

In ancient times, O Esk, along thy stream
 Did musing youths pursue the waking dream;
 Blest to reflect on her his soul adores,
 Did the young lover seek thy grassy shores;
 Did the young warrior 'midst thy thickets stray,
 Imagine fights, and urge his guiltless way;
 With numbers fraught, did the young bard explore
 The rocky scenes, where still thou lov'st to roar;
 Yes, yes, where nature's charms profusely grow,
 Thy offspring, Fancy! will for ever go.

Thrown back on early times, I now behold,
 High on his rock, a BARD his harp unfold;
 And lo! I hear him, fir'd with what he sees,
 His soul prophetic pour in sounds like these:
 "Waft, gentle Esk, waft on thy waves to fame,
 "Long as thou flow'st shall be rever'd thy name!
 "Thou shalt refresh the thirsty flocks, and yield
 "A dewy vapour to the drooping field.
 "Along thy banks, where'er thy murmur strays,
 "Shall future swains the waving verdure raise.

"Waft,

" Waft, gentle Esk, still waft thy waves to fame,
 " Long as thou flow'st shall be rever'd thy name!
 " For, when the owl's abode, the raven's shade,
 " Is HAWTHORNDEN, and ROSLIN Castle made;
 " Still shall thy waters, as they wander, meet
 " The princely palace and the rural seat.
 " Waft, gentle Esk, still waft thy waves along,
 " Thy rocky shores shall still resound to song!
 " While, pointing to thy streams, shall SCOTIA tell,
 " There does the Hero, and the Patriot dwell!"

C 2

NOTES.

Waft,

N O T E S.

(a) **LIBBERTON** is a church and village, situated on a rising ground, about two miles south of Edinburgh.

(b) The Island of **MAY**, at the mouth of the Frith of Forth.

(c) **CRAIGMILLAR**, an old castle, mostly in ruins. It was occasionally, in former times, a royal residence.

(d) The Frith of **FORTH** is described here.

(e) **ARTHUR'S SEAT**, a large conical hill in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

(f) The **WATER** of **LEITH**, upon which are many prospects of highly picturesque beauty.

(g) **CRAMOND**, a village about five miles from Edinburgh, whose adjoining grounds are beautifully ornamented with wood.

(h) The **OCHILL HILLS** separate Stirling from Perthshire, and are covered with fine pasture.

(i) The situation of **EDINBURGH** is romantic and pleasing, in almost every direction; but, as its principal mass is situated on a hill that runs east and west, the prospect from the south is not the most picturesque one; it has, however, this advantage, that its situation, with regard to the surrounding country, is better recognised from this than from any other quarter.

(k) **JOHN BARBOUR**, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, in the reign of David I. His history of Robert Bruce an heroic poem, contains facts and

and anecdotes not related by historians, and which Lord Hailes, in his Annals, makes frequent use of as entitled to the highest credit.

(l) JAMES I. King of Scotland, well known as the author of the facetious poems of Peebles to the Play, Christ-Kirk on the Green, &c. and lately, as author of the King's Quair, a poem rich with natural and allegorical beauties. For this poem, the public are indebted to the researches of the late Mr William Tytler of Woodhouselee.

(m) HENRY the Minstrel, wrote the life and achievements of Sir William Wallace. Henry has been compared, by Scottish writers, to Homer; but he principally resembled him in being blind, and in going about, as Homer is said to have done, reciting his poetry. He had, however, the merit to write a poem, which was the delight of his native country long after his death.

(n) DUNBAR wrote the Thistle and the Rose, the Twa Marritt Wemen, and the Weda, The Golden Terge, &c. He died 1530.

(o) GAVIN DOUGLAS, Bishop of Dunkeld, was the third son of Archibald Earl of Angus. His allegorical poem of the Palace of Honour, exhibits a rich fancy, and his translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, was an acceptable present to the public at the beginning of the 16th century. He died in London of the plague, in 1522.

(p) Sir DAVID LINDSAY was tutor to James V. and held several employments at Court. The merit of his writings is greatly obscured by the liberty he took with the language. His licentious use of words occasioned the Scots proverb, when any unusual expression is made use of, that "There is nae sic a word in a' Davie Lindsay." He, no doubt, procured the hatred of the clergy, against whom he inveighed with the bitterest invectives. Upon the death of James V. being deprived, by the Abbot of Paisley, of the patronage of the Earl of Arran, Regent of Scotland, with whom he had become a favourite, he retired to rural tranquillity, on his paternal estate of the Mount, near Cupar in Fife.

(q) ROSLIN

(*q*) **ROSLIN CASTLE** is built on a rocky rising ground, peninsula-
ted by the Esk, and surrounded by steep banks; its name is said to
be expressive of its situation, Roslin being compounded of two Gae-
lic words, which signify a hill in the middle of a valley. It was
formerly the seat of the ancient family of St Clair, which, it is re-
ported, reached to a height of grandeur, to which even the crown-
ed heads of former times could not attain. Indeed, the former
splendour of the family is evident from the style and extent of the
ruins. It is not exactly known when it was built; but William de
Sancto Clero, obtained from Malcolm Canmore a grant of the lands
of Roslin, about 1100.

(*r*) **ROSLIN CHAPEL.** A curious piece of Gothic Architecture,
which has been much admired, though by no means in a pure style.
Sir James Hall, who has extensively studied the Gothic, will speed-
ily throw light upon this subject, by a developement of its princi-
ples as simple and satisfactory as it is ingenious and new.

(*s*) **HAWTHORNDEN.** The ancient seat of the family of Drummond.
The present house is built on the ruins of a former residence, which
seems to have been extensive.

(*t*) **WILLIAM DRUMMOND** of Hawthornden, an ingenious poet, and
polite writer, in the beginning of the last century. His poems on
the death of Moeliades, and the Wandering Musès, were written
several years before the earliest piece of Waller. They contain
lines which Waller does not excel in smoothness, nor Denham in
strength; yet these are extolled as the first who introduced polish-
ed versification into the language, while Drummond, till lately, has
seldom been mentioned. He was intimate with the most reputed
authors in England. He mentions Shakespeare as an amiable man,
and Ben Johnston, at the age of 45, travelled on foot from London
to visit him at Hawthornden. Drummond, who was attached to the
cause of Charles I. was so overwhelmed, when he heard of the
sentence being executed upon him, that, it is said, he never lifted
his head more, but died of grief.

(*u*) **SALVATOR**

(u) SALVATOR ROSA, the celebrated painter of romantic scenery.

(v) ALEXANDER RUNCIMAN, a painter who equally excelled in landscape, and in historical design. He studied at Rome, and, after his return to Scotland, was appointed Professor of Painting in the Academy at Edinburgh, where he continued till his death, in October 1786. His execution was careless, but his situation must be charged with many of his faults. Placed in a country where the art had few admirers, and still fewer judges, he wanted the praise that calls forth exertion, and the censure that he could confide in. Had he shared in the subsequent encouragement given to his profession in England, there is no doubt, but, invigorated by competition, the genius of Runciman would have shone conspicuous amidst the brilliant productions of modern art.

(w) The seat of Sir JOHN CLERK, at Pennycuik, where an elegant saloon is decorated with paintings by Runciman, from Macpherson's translation of Ossian's poems. It was executed under the auspices of the late ingenious Sir James Clerk, who, it is said, enabled Runciman to visit Italy.

(x) JACOB MORE, the celebrated landscape painter, is known to have made his earliest sketches on the Esk. He left Edinburgh to prosecute his propensity for landscape, at Rome, where he resided about twenty years, with the greatest credit to himself, as an artist, till his death, in 1795.

(y) CLAUD LORRAINE, the most celebrated painter of elegant landscape.

(z) The residence of his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh. The house is elegant, and the grounds are very extensive.

(A) The seat of the Right Hon. HENRY DUNDAS. The house has been lately rebuilt in a very elegant stile.

(B)

(B) The seat of ROBERT CLERK, Esq; formerly belonging to the Clerks of Pennycuik.

(C) The broken grounds between Mavisbank and Hawthornden, are here alluded to.

(D) ALLAN RAMSAY, author of the Gentle Shepherd, a poem, perhaps, unequalled in any language; and which, for natural and pastoral beauties, will secure the Scottish dialect a pleasing remembrance.

(E) HABBIE'S HOWE; a scene particularly described in the Gentle Shepherd. Several places have been pointed out as that alluded to. It is, however, sufficiently ascertained to be upon the Esk, in the grounds of Newhall, formerly the property of DUNCAN FORBES, Esq; the friend and patron of RAMSAY.

A
SONG FOR SEVENTY.

I TOLD you, MARY, told you true,
If love to favour had a claim,
That all its wishes warm'd my heart,
And you were still its constant theme.
I told you then, if mine you were,
The pride of rank you must forego,
And all the pomp of dress resign,
For wealth I had not to bestow.
And, MARY, thou did'st not reprove,
But bade me hope, and bade me love.

O, MARY, on thy lovely neck
The diamond shone with sweetn'd glance ;
And graceful were the filken robes
That mark'd thy movements in the dance ;
And joyous were the pompous crowd
Thy birth entitled thee to join ;
But pomp, and wealth, and friends you left,
To be acknowledg'd, MARY, mine.
Thou, lovely, did'st my suit approve,
And bade me hope, and bade me love.

'Tis long, now, MARY, since we met,
Stiff are my joints, and hoar my hair ;
Ev'n your cheeks, too, the wrinkles mark,
And yet, my love, you're wond'rous fair.

D

And,

And, were the wrinkles stronger still,
While accents cheerful grace your tongue,
I must recall the witching smiles
And accents that adorn'd thee young;
When thou, love, did'st my suit approve,
And bade me hope, and bade me love.

How often, MARY, has my heart,
With secret rapture beat thy praise,
Whilst on your breast our infants hung,
I mark'd their mother's tender gaze!
And still, my love, thy lad is proud,
Old as he is, he's proud to see
The youngsters, anxious for thy love,
Come fondling round their grandam's knee.
O bless the day you did approve,
And bade me hope, and bade me love!

O, MARY, much I owe thy care,
Life's best of blessings still you gave;
But now, our various duties past,
Our nearest prospect is the grave;
Yet, conscious of a virtuous life,
We shrink not at the solemn scene;
Sigh, sigh we must, that we should part;
But soon, my love, we'll meet again,
Where endless pleasures we shall prove,
Nor ever, ever cease to love!

THE
DUTIFUL WIFE.

A Lyric Tale.

O LOVE, who giv'st the wilder'd soul
Unutter'd language from the eye,
Thy magic prompts the mutual wish,
Thy magic heaves the mutual sigh.
Well-founded love an ardour gives,
That nought ungen'rous can destroy,
Its pride to lessen others grief,
Its fear to wound another's joy.
For ever, then, O love be near,
To sweeten toil, and soften care.

ALEXIS won my youthful heart,
The virgin-rapture then I knew,
Like sun-shine, o'er the summer's scene,
Has gilded many a future view ;
Has sweetn'd much succeeding toil,
Has softn'd much succeeding care,
Has snatch'd a smile from thick'ning grief,
Has snatch'd a transport from despair.
Then, generous love, still, still be near,
To sweeten toil, and soften care.

Three beauteous children blest our love,
Who all their father's looks express ;
The happiest mother surely I,
My husband was of men the best.

He lov'd his children-dear for me,
He doubly cherish'd me for them ;
Except the tumults sprung from joy,
Scarce other tumults could I name.
For love, delightful, still was near,
To sweeten toil, and soften care.

The first rude shock misfortune gave,
Depriv'd us of our eldest boy,
The parent-pang, that then I knew,
More cruel came, oppos'd to joy.
Close on my husband's breast I clung,
He bath'd my neck with many a tear,
Till each, to soothe the other's grief,
Awaken'd from the blow severe.
For tender love still hover'd near,
To sweeten toil, and soften care.

Still plenty crown'd our frugal board,
Still splendid was our stately hall,
Till whelming tempests rag'd at sea,
And 'reav'd from us, alas, our all.
Our board and servants soon reduc'd,
A narrow house I instant chose,
And bound my love's distracted head,
And sooth'd him into soft repose.
For faithful love still hover'd near,
To sweeten toil, and soften care.

Where howls the wave with wizard roar,

Our

Our other boy was heard to scream,
To save the darling's valued life,
His father plung'd amidst the stream.
Alas! alas! the boy was lost;
I rav'd and chaff'd his corse in vain,
Yet, 'midst the horror gleam'd a joy,
To clasp his father once again,
For sacred love still hover'd near,
To sweeten toil, and soften care.

My husband liv'd; but, ah, the shock
A dead'ning palsy left behind;
While want approach'd with haggard look,
And not a former friend was kind.
The only good I could I did,
I ply'd the sempstress' needy trade;
And heav'n so far my labours blest,
That soon I earn'd my husband's bread.
For duteous love still hover'd near,
To sweeten toil, and soften care.

Blest be the means that soften care,
Blest be the means that sweeten toil,
I feel the art exalt my sex,
That prompts a sickly husband's smile.
That art which sav'd from want, does now
Our duteous daughter's care engage,
While, trusting to a pittance sav'd,
We fear not the approach of age;
When decent love shall still be near,
To sweeten toil, and soften care,

THE
PROSTITUTE.

A Lyric Tale.

WHY hast thou fought this lone abode,
Or why abhorrent shun my gaze?
Is all my well-known beauty fled,
And all the grace that bade it blaze?
Yes, want corrosive wastes my cheek,
My eyes no longer light'nings bear,
My former arts oppressive grown,
I have no smiles to hide despair.
Opprest with all the pangs that wait
On ruin'd woman's wretched fate.

Can'st thou believe, one vile like me
With joy domestic could reside;
Could share a parent's lov'd regard;
Could prize herself for female pride?
Yet have I known domestic blefs;
Have known a parent's virtuous sway;
Have priz'd the honour of my sex;
Yet threw myself a wretch away.
And hence have known what pangs await
On ruin'd woman's wretched fate.

I, luckless, like the op'ning rose
Too fair, allur'd the passing eye;

Young

Young MEADOWS saw, and said he lov'd ;
 And pluck'd the rose, and let it die.
 With vows of marriage, he attain'd
 What else his passion had not won ;
 But false the solemn vows he made,
 Too soon I was, I found, undone.
 'Twas then I knew the pangs that wait
 On ruin'd woman's wretched fate.

Asham'd to meet a parent's tears,
 Afraid to meet a parent's frown,
 When, to avoid my claims he fled,
 I follow'd strait, and went to town.
 I told him of his broken vows,
 Conjur'd his justice to my aid ;
 He sneer'd at marriage, sacred name,
 And laugh'd at all the vows he made.
 Alas ! what pangs degrading wait
 On ruin'd woman's wretched fate.

I heard him laugh at faith and truth,
 Nor burst with strong resentment's flame ;
 But weakly yielded to the arts
 That lur'd me on to farther shame.
 I thought that kindness might return,
 That honour still might take its sway :
 When thus involv'd in tenfold guilt,
 Again he faithless ran away ;
 Left me in all the pangs that wait
 On ruin'd woman's wretched fate.

When

When thus abandon'd to despair,
By guilt and threat'ning want oppress'd,
Hope conjur'd up my mother's form,
And gladness gleam'd across my breast ;
The poison'd draught was thrown aside,
I hugg'd the thought of kind relief,
Resolv'd on instant quick return,
But found my mother died of grief.
What horrid pangs forever wait
On ruin'd woman's wretched fate !

Cold shrinking thro' my shiv'ring frame,
The pang was instant and severe ;
Yet heav'd I not a single sigh ;
Yet dropt I not a single tear.
Just then did FAULKLAND cross my way ;
His rude address gave no alarms ;
I spurn'd not at his proffer'd purse,
But headlong yielded to his arms.
Regardless of the pangs that wait
On ruin'd woman's wretched fate.

Forever lost to self-esteem,
I shunn'd to commune with my breast ;
Condemn'd to practise guilt for bread,
His gold made welcome every guest ;
And, to acquire my purpos'd aim,
Tho' often shock'd with scenes of lust,
I practis'd smiles amidst contempt,
And laugh'd aloud amidst disgust.

But what can kill the pangs that wait
On ruin'd woman's wretched fate.

Now, now, the scene is nearly shut,
My squalid form no more can please;
Reduc'd to filth, and rags, and want,
And over-run with dire disease;
No parent now my fate attends,
No friend I have to pity true;
Loath'd of myself, and all around,
I waste a-pace at twenty-two.
Condemn'd to all the pangs that wait
On ruin'd woman's wretched fate.

Simple the story I have told;
Alas, it cannot give relief
That * thousands, on the guilty town,
Might claim as theirs the tale of grief.
It more behoves, that man should guard
The bud of beauty as it blows;
For O! when blasted by his breath,
Tis not in words to tell its woes.
To tell the nameless pangs that wait
On ruin'd woman's wretched fate.

* According to Mr Colquhoun's estimate, the number of women
who live by prostitution in the Metropolis, amounts to 50,000.

THE
HOME-BRED LINNET,

THE home-bred linnet never knew
To course the wide campaign;
And knowing not his native right,
He knows not to complain.

Content within his narrow cage,
He ceases not to sing,
But hails the beam of winter's day,
As happy as the spring.

Release him from his blissful bonds,
And let him wing the skies,
So strange is the unlook'd for change,
He's lost where'er he flies.

Accustom'd not to seek his food
The hill and valley yields;
The hills and vales to him are bare,
And barren are the fields.

Wild and distracted, to the shade,
All throbbing, he retires,
Till worn with hunger and fatigue,
He flutters and expires.

From funny scenes, from days of joy,
To hours of dark distress;
Alas ! how many sink, among
The hapless human race.

Thrown headlong on a guileful world,
They, artless, do not know,
Sincere and simple in themselves,
They fancy others so.

Hence do we find that men of worth,
Are oft to want betray'd ;
Hence is the hopeful youth undone,
And hence the ruin'd maid.

The world's a wide and thorny wild,
Where many snares are laid ;
And much of caution is requir'd
The devious wild to tread.

THE
ENGRAVER'S GARLAND,

For the Year 1796.

THIS notice from her who presides over paint,
To the Artists on Copper was handed about ;
I have heard, my dear drudges, your sorrowful plaint,
And to-morrow I purpose to give you a rout.

I've cropt for your sakes, from my laurel, a sprig,
The portion is small, but 'tis all it can spare,
And I mean it to garnish the side-lock or wig
Of him who can win it in Somerset-square.

So the candidates must, by to-morrow at nine,
Have friends and adherents assembled in court,
To the suffrage of Artists, the prize I resign,
So I wish you, good fellows, most excellent sport.

What a crowd on the morn did appear, you may guess,
Engravers, and Coppersmiths, Painters, and Dealers,
Amateurs, Cognoscenti, the Artists at Press,
Lords, Ladies, Collectors, and small-stall Retailers.

Great HEATH was the first on the list who was there,
And crowds to get near him do instantly quarrel,
A murmur of pleasure runs down through the square,
And the Bookfellers swore he was sure of the laurel.

Next

Next COLLIER advanc'd, and 'tis said he felt fore
To find his old pupil so well with the crowd;
But his name when announc'd was receiv'd with a roar,
When NEAGLE approach'd and was welcom'd aloud.

ANKER SMITH then advancing felt nothing like shame,
Tho' HEATH look'd askance; and when BROMLEY was
nam'd,

'Twas most happily prov'd, that mechanical fame
Suppres'd not the praise that ability claim'd.

Next SKELTON appear'd, amidst many glad eyes,
While, through the court, LEGGAT scarce notic'd did
feer;

His diffidence kept him from claiming the prize,
Tho' SHAKESPEARE'S old Alderman gave him a cheer.

FITLER, LENY, and THOMSON, were instantly known,
And each by his friends was receiv'd with a glow;
In the group that now follow'd we gladly were shown,
WARREN, HAWKINS, and RIVERS, and STORER, and
STOW.

A shout had attended on TOOKY; but then,
At his heels followed HOLLOWAY ardent and keen;
And when SAUNDERS arriv'd it appear'd very plain,
He received a shout to give C——* the spleen.

Of

* This alludes to a law-suit between the parties, wherein Artists
were supposed to take part against the Publisher.

Of diggers in dots, what a crowd did appear;
 KNIGHT, FACIUS, NUTTER, and GAUGAIN, and THOU;
 The Printsellers welcome them in with a cheer,
 And the lovers of colours their praises bestow.

Then EARLOM came smiling, and met with applause
 Sufficient to rescue engraving in mud;
 SMITH, WARD, and some others, supporting the cause,
 Claim'd praises, which none to their merits withstood.

Old GRIGNION came next, and look'd cheerfully round,
 Swore still he would tug for a leaf from the spray;
 A shout of applause his deservings resound,
 And a laugh of delight thro' the crowd had its way.

The laugh ceas'd the moment that SHARP made his
 bow,
 When a cry from his friends for the laurel was heard;
 From the opposite corner 'twas answered with No!
 But the cry from his friends was the louder preferr'd.

HALL enter'd, and strait the loud clamour was hush'd;
 A pause of respect for his labours ensued;
 But the clamour in favour of SHARP was not crush'd,
 For the cry of the laurel, and SHARP, was renew'd.

BARTOLOZZI then came and confounded them all;
 In haste to atone for the error they made,
 So loud was his welcome, it shook every wall
 Of the office of Navy, of Art, or of Bread.

Had

Had it been exhibition time then, 'tis confess'd,
So strong the vibration attending the sound,
That the pictures of OPIE, of NORTHCOTE, and WEST,
Had danc'd on their nails to the transport around.

Nay, 'tis said, that the statues themselves took a trip;
That Apollo cut capers a yard and a half;
That Venus removed her hand to her hip,
And Bacchus delighted, burst out in a laugh.

The laurel, the laurel, was call'd for around;
The laurel, the laurel, the porch echoed back;
So the sprig on his brow was with fillagree bound,
And in triumph the crowd bore him home in a hack.

For he can't keep a coach of his own, and 'tis guest,
That a distant retreat he has fought to engage;
But it is not in nature, a nation of taste,
He charmed so long, can desert him in age.

'THE

Had

THE
MISTAKE.

A Tale.

HOW sad, in life's deceitful measure,
We find mischance, while seeking pleasure,
That still, where rapture lurks, we meet
With some vile subject of regret.
'Tis hence so oft, O maidens dear,
The kiss is follow'd by a tear.

Why! why! should kissing be so charming,
If follow'd still by pangs alarming?
Yet, while things are, as they exist,
Men will be kissing, maids be kiss'd;
Tho' well they know, an equal fate
On murders and on kisses wait.
For chuse the latest hour of night,
Where not a star can give its light!
Where every bolt is fasten'd found,
And all is dark and silent round,
Dark as chaos, dumb as death,
The kiss, e'erlong, will gather breath!
Care may, a while, the secret shroud;
But, nine months hence, 'twill roar aloud.

Then lovely, loving maids beware,
Avoid the lawless kiss's snare.

Or soon you may, like hapless NELLY,
 Bear big its badge upon your belly.
 A kiss, alas, she thought not wou'd
 With black disgrace be e'er pursu'd.
 She dreamt not that, and lack of farthings,
 Would rouse the wrath of grim Church-wardens,
 She never dreamt to stand before
 The Country Justice, as a wh—re.
 But, ah! she must with shame and fear,
 Before the judgment-seat appear!
 And spite of qualms, and sad quandaries,
 Must answer all their curious queries.

Well:—JUSTICE HOBBLE, on the bench,
 Interrogates the trembling wench.
 Who stands in tears, the sign of grace,
 And in her apron hides her face.
 "Hum," said he, "haughting up a spittle;
 "Your substance, wench, has been but brittle.
 "Well, tell me—um,—I've lost my breath,
 "This cursed cough will be my death.
 "Hold up your head,—your name is NELL,
 "Your face is—um—extremely well!
 "I'm sorry—um—you've gone astray,
 "Well, tell me—um—how was it,—eh?
 "Come tell me all." The wench reply'd,
 "NELL FREEBLE is my name," and cry'd.
 "I never feign'd myself another;
 "ROBIN, your footman, is my brother."

" Ay ! dost thou ROBIN, brother call,
 " I never saw thee at the Hall.
 " I'm sorry NELL, you've been so wild ;
 " Well—who's the father of the child !
 " Who is it, eh—I ask you who,
 " First had—um—with you—um—to do ?"
 Half rent with grief, and shame asunder,
 The sobbing wench cry'd, " Mr BLUNDER."

" Eh ! brother BLUNDER, can't be true ;
 " Brother, come here, 'tis laid to you ;
 " I wish you joy ; for, waving laughter,
 " You'll either get a son or daughter."

" Brother," cry'd BLUNDER, " 'tis a lie,
 " Before she never met my eye !
 " I swear, which makes the trick uncommon,
 " I know not, if she's man or woman.
 " But know, the jade, on mischief bent,
 " Straight to the work-house should be sent."

The hapless damsel, lost, confounded,
 Heard nothing but the threat'nings sounded,
 Cry'd out, " ah me in mercy spare,
 " And save the helpless child I bear !
 " O save me, Sir, from hemp and horse-whip,
 " I'm eight-months gone, and please your Worship."

" Then, NELL," said HOBBLE, " would you have
 " That mercy you so eager crave,

" You

" You must be plain, and nothing smother,

" So NELL, who made you, eh—a mother?"

" As I am false," poor NELLY answer'd,

" I wish my tongue may all be cancer'd,

" If what I've told you is not true,

" May death this instant be my due.

" Me may the earth now open under,

" If not *with* child to Mr BLUNDER."

Now nothing BLUNDER could contain,

He rose with madness in his brain!

And strutting round with hurry'd gate,

He scratch'd his hip, and scratch'd his pate.

Thrice cry'd he, " zounds!" sat down, arose,

And thrice he cough'd, and scour'd his nose.

He three times bit his thumb, and then

Got words, and furious shook his cane.

" You arrant wh—re, you curfed vixen,

" Know you whom you play your tricks on?

" You finner, in the bone and blood,

" You know not I'm a Justice, 'sbud!

" You know not thieves, and whores, and hookers

" I can commit to prison, zookers!

" Zounds! zookers! 'sbud! 'sbud! zookers! zounds!

" I'll have you hang'd, if fifty pounds—

" If hundreds should be sought to sort it,

" I'll have you hang'd, and then transported,

" But stay, be soft and reason well,

" You horrid jade, you'll go to hell.

" Well, stay, be soft and tell me whether
 " So vile a lie can hang together.
 " She says, she says, Peace, by the Lord,
 " I will not hear thee speak a word!
 " When was it, Brother, ask her when?
 " And, at your peril, answer plain.
 " When was it, when, you jade, remember?"
 The frighten'd wench exclaim'd " December,"
 " I thought 'twas so," the Justice cry'd,
 And drew himself erect in pride.
 " I thought the secret would be out;
 " When I was roaring with the gout,
 " This damsel says, that I, forsooth,
 " But answer me again in truth;
 " Before the Court, go on, declare,
 " You told us when, now tell us where.
 " Where was it? Where? Now tell us,—eh?"
 " 'Twas in the loft among the hay."

So false did this reply appear,
 'Twas follow'd by a gen'ral sneer,
 The hay-loft, it was known to all,
 Had trap and door so very small,
 That, had his Worship been inclin'd,
 He must have left his guts behind.
 So, spite of NELLY's meek reply,
 The whisper went she told a lie.

In conscious triumph, BLUNDER stood,
 And calmer felt his boiling blood,

And

And pulling with both hands his breech;
 He thus atchiev'd another speech.
 Before your Worship's honour'd bench,
 Convicted stands a barefac'd wench;
 Who seeks by methods, nothing dastard,
 A proper father for her bastard.
 Your Worship knows the life I must pass,
 Six weeks before and after Christmas.
 In torture damn'd it was my doom,
 Never to limp beyond my room;
 Nay, mostly bedfast night and day,
 For three long months I roaring lay,
 While thus my body fate was mauling,
 Was I in trim for caterwauling?
 Tho' I had travel'd without halting,
 I am not slim and made for vaulting,
 Yet must the loft have lost its roof,
 And I with pullies gone aloof,
 Ere there with her I had been coil'd,
 Yet there she says I got her child.
 O no, Sir, no, I said not so;
 Now, where the devil wilt thou go?
 Dost thou thy story damn'd regorge?
 NELL cry'd, "it was your nephew, GEORGE."

While all a moment look'd amaz'd,
 Astonish'd BLUNDER ghaftly gaz'd,
 When HOBBLE whistled in his wig,
 Nor hid the laugh by looking big.

To

And

To whom, thus BLUNDER, " 'tis not sport,
" This vile mistake,—but close the Court ;
" I'll answer all, pray let it pass,
" You would not have me look an ass."

" Why," HOBBLE cry'd, " I do not know,
" If you or I have ears or no.
" But sure I am, had you been married,
" Had ears been wanting, horns you'd carried.
" As yet however wroth and warm,
" There has been, Brother, little harm.
" 'Twere well, if each mistake of pride,
" Of grief or spleen, could thus subside.
" The horror that so frequent springs
" From small mistakes, with States and Kings,
" Were oft unknown : nor Princes need
" To strew th' ensanguin'd plains with dead.
" But, girl, begone, repent thy crime,
" Nor venture here another time.
" Tho' NELL, says he," in tones of stealth,
" Take care my lovely of your health ;
" And, when you're fairly made a mother,
" Come to the Hall, and see your Brother.

VERSE

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT HAMILTON.

IN vain, for other scenes I shun
The scenes by AURA joyless made,
Her frowns pursue me where I run,
And gloomier make the distant glade.

There dashing deep, with deafning roar,
CLYDE heavy falls, a dreadful flood!
While trem'lous shakes the rocky shore,
I pensive tread the misty wood.

And where she glides the vales along,
The beauteous banks around I see,
And hear the thrush's evening song,
But grief alone is dear to me.

Her magic Art in vain displays,
Where DENBIGH (*a*) turning cheats the view,
And where impassion'd DANIEL (*b*) prays,
Still, AURA, still I turn to you.

O

(*a*) The celebrated picture of Earl of DENBIGH going to hunt, by RYLAND, in the possession of his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON.—
That a finished character by SHAKESPEARE is in poetry, this picture
a painting,—an illustrious instance of grandeur, joined with the
familiar appearances of nature.

(*b*) The magnificent picture by RUBENS, of DANIEL in the Den of
Lions,

O, 'tis in vain those scenes I shun,
 By thee, dear AURA, joyless made;
 Thy frowns pursue me where I run,
 And grandeur, grace, and fancy fade.

S O N N E T.

W HO hears without pleasure the blackbird elate
 His love in his rapture reveal?
 Who hears the soft voice of the dove to his mate,
 And does not of tenderness feel?

Who e'er saw the linnet, fix'd over her nest,
 So carefully nourish her young;
 And felt not affection glow over his breast,
 And break forth in praise on his tongue?

If sympathy, thus, such emotions can raise,
 What feelings must, MARY, be mine;
 Who, with love and with tenderness bursting to praise
 Would record such affections as thine?

The dutiful daughter, the sister, the friend,
 The wife, and the mother so dear,
 With pleasure, in you, I behold are combin'd,
 And the pleasure's confirm'd by a tear.

S O N G.

THE passion that from friendship springs,
Unlike the dew the morning brings ;
Unlike the flower that fades away,
Nor quits its bloom, nor feels decay ;
Beneath the sun that rais'd its head,
The fragrant rose may yield its red,
But love transported, stronger grows,
The more its first-felt feeling glows.

Still pleasure kills itself a-pace
And age deforms the fairest face ;
But love well-founded will assuage
The weary hours of latest age.
Then light, O love ! with golden beams,
My waking fancy, midnight dreams.
Seize, early seize, my willing heart,
O hold it fast, and ne'er depart.

S O N G.

THE beauties of nature are issued in vain,
In vain do the birds sing around ;
Entranc'd with the object that floats on the brain,
Love heeds neither prospect nor found.

To relish the blackbird the mind must be free,
 Or vainly his bosom he heaves ;
 If love were the judge while he sings from the tree,
 As sweet were the rustling of leaves.

Carefs'd by the maiden in whom I delight,
 The birds may be banish'd the grove ;
 The glories of day may be shrouded in night,
 Their charms are all nothing to love.

V E R S E S

ON THE

DEATH OF LORD HAILES.

DOES Nature mourn not for departed worth?
 Rolls not the misty volume down the vale?
 Darts from the windy cloud no spirit forth,
 But sinks the day unruffled with the gale?

No,—thro' the grove unheard the breezes go ;
 Echo is silent in her lonely way ;
 Scarcely the waters murmur as they flow,
 And sinks in glory the descending day.

Like him we mourn, the day in glory ends ;
 O HAILES ! thy soul unstain'd with passion rude,
 Shunn'd the rough storms that wild ambition sends,
 Safe shelter'd in the grove that shades the good.

Who

Who hang on courts, or follow changing war,
In one short moon may gain a splendid name;
But Fame, that varying fortune cannot mar,
Asks years of virtue to secure its claim.

Hence, HAILES, thy labours were incessant ply'd,
Where awful justice call'd for council sage;
Or, where through records old, thou curious pry'd
For native truths to swell th' historic page.

Warm with the love of worth and human kind,
Thou cherish'dst all who held a virtuous part;
Thine the religion of a soul inclin'd
To soften woe, and heal the broken heart.

Ye, who delight on virtuous themes to muse!
Ye, who delight through moonlight haunts to stray;
Could fancy dear, a fitter subject chuse,
Or fitter hour than this to weave the lay!

Now climbs the moon upon the starry sky,
The silver light illumines the woods and plains;
Fix'd on the ground the branchy shadows lie,
So still the night where awful silence reigns!

THE

CHAPTER I

The first of the great principles of the human mind is the principle of association. This principle is the foundation of all our knowledge and all our actions. It is the principle by which we connect ideas and actions with each other, and by which we form habits and customs. It is the principle by which we learn from experience and by which we improve ourselves. It is the principle by which we are able to reason and to judge. It is the principle by which we are able to feel and to act. It is the principle by which we are able to live and to die.

The second of the great principles of the human mind is the principle of comparison. This principle is the foundation of all our knowledge and all our actions. It is the principle by which we compare ideas and actions with each other, and by which we form judgments and conclusions. It is the principle by which we learn from experience and by which we improve ourselves. It is the principle by which we are able to reason and to judge. It is the principle by which we are able to feel and to act. It is the principle by which we are able to live and to die.

The third of the great principles of the human mind is the principle of classification. This principle is the foundation of all our knowledge and all our actions. It is the principle by which we classify ideas and actions, and by which we form systems and theories. It is the principle by which we learn from experience and by which we improve ourselves. It is the principle by which we are able to reason and to judge. It is the principle by which we are able to feel and to act. It is the principle by which we are able to live and to die.

The fourth of the great principles of the human mind is the principle of analysis. This principle is the foundation of all our knowledge and all our actions. It is the principle by which we analyze ideas and actions, and by which we form hypotheses and theories. It is the principle by which we learn from experience and by which we improve ourselves. It is the principle by which we are able to reason and to judge. It is the principle by which we are able to feel and to act. It is the principle by which we are able to live and to die.

The fifth of the great principles of the human mind is the principle of synthesis. This principle is the foundation of all our knowledge and all our actions. It is the principle by which we synthesize ideas and actions, and by which we form conclusions and theories. It is the principle by which we learn from experience and by which we improve ourselves. It is the principle by which we are able to reason and to judge. It is the principle by which we are able to feel and to act. It is the principle by which we are able to live and to die.

The sixth of the great principles of the human mind is the principle of judgment. This principle is the foundation of all our knowledge and all our actions. It is the principle by which we judge ideas and actions, and by which we form decisions and theories. It is the principle by which we learn from experience and by which we improve ourselves. It is the principle by which we are able to reason and to judge. It is the principle by which we are able to feel and to act. It is the principle by which we are able to live and to die.

The seventh of the great principles of the human mind is the principle of action. This principle is the foundation of all our knowledge and all our actions. It is the principle by which we act on ideas and actions, and by which we form results and theories. It is the principle by which we learn from experience and by which we improve ourselves. It is the principle by which we are able to reason and to judge. It is the principle by which we are able to feel and to act. It is the principle by which we are able to live and to die.

THE
DREAM OF ST. CLOUD,
A DRAMATIC POEM.

*Except in the first Scene, all the Characters
introduced in the Poem are Shades.*

THE
DREAM OF ST. CLOUD.

SCENE, *A Grove.*

ST. CLOUD.

LONG have I sought, amidst the wild retir'd,
That solace for the cares of life, which Hope
Still pointing onward promises to give.
Thy balmy bliss, O Happiness! my aim,
Yet still beyond my reach. In every state,
I've ever found but pain and disappointment.
Mong men thou dwellest not; for faithless Friends,
Deceiv'd affections, Envy's wrathful smile,
And Hatred's frown, preclude the hope of bliss.
Nor art thou found where awful Nature calls
To trace the gloom of the retiring woods,
Thro' which the falling river's roar resounds.
Alas! I thought to climb the mountain's top,
Above the morning clouds sublime to sit,
And lift my soul to Him who rules the storm,
Or gives the sunshine to delight the fields!
I hop'd to trace the year from the first bud
That marks its infant state, to the full nod

OF

Of the green forest, in its summer's pride ;
 And then, 'till autumn gives the yellow leaf
 To rustle in the breeze, 'till winter comes,
 And nips the leaf, and binds the Alpine stream !
 I thought amidst the rational delight
 That must ensue upon this life of praise,
 No griefs could interpose ; for faithless friends,
 And love and envy's smile, and hatred's frown,
 Could but exist among the treacherous crowd,
 Which swell'd the cities that I long have shunn'd !
 But ah ! tho' mountains graceful rise, and wave
 Their woody honours in the circling lakes,
 Tho' sweet the music of the nodding groves,
 And rich abounds their fragrance, still my heart
 Heaves with the sigh that steals its promis'd joy.
 A stranger to felicity I roam !
 And with regret look back, even on the scene
 That I revil'd, as nurse of every vice,
 And every virtue's bane. Amidst the throng,
 Where Power assumes the place of Right, and Worth
 Subdued and sick, looks piteous up, and asks
 Of Infamy to live ; where Industry
 Has scarce an aim but t'indulge in drunkenness ;
 Where execrations oft insult the ear,
 And oft the eye must look on woe and want.
 Why yet, amidst this varied wretchedness,
 The mind is urg'd upon to act ; and if,
 'Tis haply virtuous, like heav'n's bright beam
 That penetrates the storm, thro' dungeons dark
 And prisons doubly barr'd, it finds its way,

To heal the broken heart, and dash the bowl
Despair had lifted to her lips : But here,
Immers'd in constant solitude I live.—

The corpse, that could lie wakeful in its grave,
See but its winding-sheet, and nothing hear

But the lone droppings of the loathsome vault,
Would lead a life like mine. Alas I'm sad,

And weary with unprofitable thought ;

The sun has yet a long way to descend ;

Within this arbour will I seek repose :

And come, Oblivion ! for the mind, oppress'd
It knows not why, admits no other cure.

[He retires into the Arbour, where he falls asleep.]

Enter an ANGEL.

Where neither damps, nor chilling blasts approach,
For noise alarms, sleep on St. Cloud secure :

Like the still sod, on which thou'rt laid, that drinks

The dewy moisture at the dead of night,

Still does the body ask of sleep repair ;

For, but the bare continuance of existence

Still exhausts it.—Not so the spirit fails :

For, like the air, of which its form partakes,

Its element is motion. Hence, even in sleep,

The active spirit leaves its load of clay,

And ever wanders, as it ever wakes.

And now, St. Cloud, shall thy keen spirit stray,

Where I shall point the path ; clear shalt thou see

How much of happiness is meant for man,

And where his destin'd portion may be found.

H

Enter

*Enter the Shade of ST. CLOUD, young in appearance
and in Armour.*

Who promises to point, where, sick of man,
And of itself, the soul may find repose?
Canst thou do this? Indeed thou look'st divine.
So sweet thy smile, and so benign thy air,
Thou look'st, as I have dreamt that angels do.
Where am I? Why—but now, I was asleep,
And dreamt that I was old, unhappy grown:
Sour with unmerited neglect, and sick
With brooding over care. Yet here I stand:
My youthful blood beats happy at my heart;
I see the beauteous scenes around, and feel
Their odours charm.—It cannot be a dream.—
This was my father's sword, and this his shield.—
This helmet too, he gave his happy son,
For warding from his head a ruffian's blow.
O thou! who look'st with more than human grace,
Tell, tell me, if a race like thee reside
Along these fields, with whom I may converse;
With whom, in every social act, be bound;
For sure, I feel my soul attun'd to joy,
Could I but meet benignity to share it!

ANGEL.

The social race thou seek'st reside not here.
Beyond these woods, and yon blue distant hills,
With a fair nymph of angel-form they live.
Her name is Happiness. From her I come,

How happy to reside ! How blest to feel
 And own the joys we know to be eternal !
 Yes, full resolv'd, with willing steps I go,
 And seek, O Happiness ! thy blessed plains,
 A presage of thy joys ev'n now, I feel :
 For duty, when resolv'd on, ever leaves
 A precious triumph for the virtuous mind. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, a woody back ground. Over an opening is suspended a Scroll, upon which is written.

TRAVELLER,

IF THOU SEEKEST HAPPINESS,
 AND IF AGE AND WANT CAN MOVE THY SYMPATHY,
 ENTER HERE.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Of birds that fly, some seek the flood,
 And some the mountain, some the wood ;
 The beasts their various haunts retain
 In forest, mountain, or the plain ;
 As instinct leads, they all obey ;
 No reason left, man goes astray.

The angels of a nobler race,
 Who live thro' time, and float in space ;
 Who truth discern in every aim,
 Whose actions never are to blame,

By

By perfect wisdom led along ;
See man, by reason led, go wrong.

Yet blest the mortal man who gives
His life to worth ;—to virtue lives :
Tho' errors may his course impede,
Instinct inferior hides its head ;
And angels own a brother's name
To virtue struggling in a mortal frame.

[*During the Chorus, the Shade of ST. CLOUD proceeds
on his journey as directed by the Scroll.*]

SCENE, a Grove, in Hungary.

Discovers an OLD MAN, sitting at the door of a Hovel.

Enter the SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

OLD MAN.

O trav'ler turn ; assist a feeble man,
Loaded with sorrows, and oppress'd with age.
I only ask thee to stretch out thy hand,
And give me from these vines, some ripen'd grapes.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD,

So poor a favour any might command.

[*Helps him to the grapes.*]

Here are a few. I'll bring thee more.

OLD

him to direct, whose blameless wish incites
To trace her winding paths, and flowery groves,
To taste the pleasures of her purer clime,
Where every joy the feelings own is join'd
With intellectual bliss. I come to tell,
Temptations will beset him on the way ;
But trials overcome make virtue proud,
And he who under-rates not virtuous joy,
Shuns not the conflict. If, indeed, he look
With glance disdainful on the labouring poor ;
Avoid the sight of woe ; and shut his ears
Against the cries of want. If love of pomp ;
Lust of power or wealth corrupt his heart ;
He has wants which nature disavows ;
He leaves the duties he could do undone ;
What hope of such ? He has a heart so mean,
Void of what is generous and manly,
To every passing folly he's a prey,
And fleeting pleasures drag him on to ruin.
Unlike to him untaught to hide the heart,
Who scorns the tinsel'd glare of fashion's robe,
And conscious of worth, with honest front
Shows what truth unfolds. Ever sincere,
His friend upbraids him for a breach of faith :
His sordid appetites subdue the sense
Of sweet attachments : Smiles he has for worth ;
And tears of sympathy to soothe the sad.
A man like this, dispenses blessings round
Where'er he goes. He never turns aside

To live with riot, or to lounge with sloth,
 But urges onward to some virtuous aim.
 If thou hast such a temper in thee, go,
 On yonder rising ground yon thicket pass,
 And, thro' the wood, pursue the winding path
 Descending to the vale. Here wilt thou find
 A cavern, dread with dark recesses ;
 This must thou penetrate : It opens wide,—
 And far in front the distant view extends.
 A mountain there, with flow'ry myrtles clad,
 Perfumes the gale that fans its lofty brow,
 From whence the realms of Happiness are seen.
 The road you cannot lose, it is so mark'd.
 I leave thee to reflect. Resolve—proceed—
 And, when 'tis needful, I'll assur'd return. [Exit

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

He's gone, and leaves a beam of light behind—
 And that is vanish'd too ! He was an Angel !
 I felt it when I saw him, When he spoke,
 The liquid harmony of sound was such,—
 Such was the tenderness that mark'd his lips,
 And smooth'd the energy with which he glow'd,
 That love and admiration fill'd my heart,
 And I was silent, when intent on praise
 Of what such new emotion leaves behind,
 Sweet are, Benevolence ! thy silver tones ;
 For all thy wishes and intents are pure.
 Where nothing counteracts thy power benign

How

OLD MAN.

Enough.

Thou'rt very good, and I return thee thanks.
 For thus beyond our hut I have not been,
 Except when carried, for, I think, three years.
 She who has nurs'd me now demands my aid:
 And, feeble as I am, I was compell'd
 To seek for med'cine to my suffering dame,
 And to myself support. Here had I crawl'd,
 But weak and palsy'd thus, I could no more,
 And must have sunk, had you not come and sav'd me.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Could services of mine a comfort give,
 [Exit] would, too, minister to her you mourn.
 She is your wife, perhaps?

OLD MAN.

She is my wife,

And has been kindly so, for fifty years
 That we have trod the wild of life together.
 At length, her spirit sunk. We were so old,
 And had so often drank of sorrows cup,
 You might have thought we would be callous grown,
 And that the world had nothing dismal left
 For us to feel. We thought so too ourselves.
 We look'd complaisant forward to the grave,
 As to a place of rest; but sorrow had

For

For us, one barbed arrow in reserve.
 Twelve times we have rejoic'd a child was born,
 Nine times have griev'd a death. Thus were our days
 With strong regrets and griefs divided.
 Yet, ev'n in misery, I know not how,
 So strong was hope, so mutual our regard,
 We would not have exchang'd our lot with those
 Who were exempt from all our cares. Ah me!
 I do remember, when a child had died,
 How, in her sorrow, she would hang on me,
 And look for sympathy. What could I do?
 I press'd her to my bosom and would weep.
 And, as we mingl'd tears, I would recount
 The many hardships that had shook her frame,
 And prais'd the constancy with which she bore them
 But when we forward look'd to what might come,
 With dread we paus'd, and rapt in pure despair,
 Would dimly lift our eyes to distant joys
 Beyond the grave.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

You think too keenly, fire.
 Let me persuade you to repose a while.
 Your story would be grateful; but I fear
 It will exhaust you now: Besides, your wife
 May need the nourishment these grapes bestow.
 I'll step into the cottage with a few.

OLD MAN.

No, when I left her, she had fall'n asleep;

And

And nature has no medicine so sure.
Calm be her rest! while I recite my woes.

Of all our children, only three remain'd ;
Two boys, but striplings, and an infant daughter.
The elder youth to husbandry apply'd ;
The younger would be nothing but a soldier :
My care was to direct their different aims,
That future eminence might crown their labours.
The elder, in his studies was but slow ;
Around a thousand difficulties rose ;
But patient in pursuit, where knowledge lay,
He never stopp'd his course : The rising pine,
By slow degrees, thus separates the rock,
In search of soil to aid its growing strength.
While, like the torrent from the mountain's height,
The other youth saw nothing difficult,
But glanc'd at knowledge with familiar eye ;
Then turn'd to feats of horsemanship or arms :
So clearly fashion'd for a different course.
It was with pride I saw them both succeed,
The husbandman a-pace respected grew,
And ev'n appear'd, in spite of storms, to thrive :
For, when the vintage of his neighbours fail'd,
Their corn was blighted, or their cattle died,
His, like the laurel, 'midst the thunder-storm
That rends the lofty oak, stood unassail'd.
Meantime, to drive the Turk from Transylvania,
The youthful warrior, panting for renown,
Unsheath'd his sword ; and, ere the season clos'd,

I

Acquir'd

And

Acquir'd a name for courage and for skill,
 And with encreasing ardour fame pursu'd.
 He rose to high command. Ten summers scarce
 Had seen his armour shine, and taught the foe
 Of wretched Hungary to dread his name,
 When high-born nobles own'd him for their peer,

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

A sad reverse, I fear, will soon ensue ;
 For ah ! opposing colours do not blend
 More nicely in the rainbow, than in life
 Does grim misfortune mix with gay delight !
 Still where the one is, there the other comes.
 Existence is a gloom made up of both.

OLD MAN,

Often repell'd, the Turks collect a force
 Of an alarming aspect ; with intent,
 At one fell blow, to overturn the kingdom.
 They march'd, and desolation mark'd their way.
 My son was sent to turn them, and he led
 Full twenty thousand men. The force was great,
 And great was their achievements ; but the foe,
 A furious mass ! remain'd innumerable,
 And took their station so, that from our prince
 No succour could be had, tho' needed much.
 The leader, now in peril, call'd for men,
 And for provisions from the country round ;
 Himself the surety for a large return.
 His brother, prompt to aid, advanc'd his all,

And soon, upon the foe, with doubl'd rage,
 He fell, and drove them with prodigious slaughter
 Cross the Danube : But, dreadful to relate,
 An arrow pierc'd his heart, the very hour
 That saw him finally a conqueror.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Disfmal, no doubt, the tidings were to you ;
 But, to surviving friends, grateful the fame
 A hero leaves behind :—That comfort yours——
 It was a meteor-pang that would assail you,
 Whose horror would be veil'd in circling glory.

OLD MAN.

Grief has a strange delight in shedding tears,
 In magnifying woes, and shunning comfort.
 What wonder, then, of such a son bereft,
 Of consolation pain'd me like upbraiding.
 My grief was great ; but, as there had remain'd
 Some balsam for the wound Misfortune gave,
 He quick return'd, and, with a blow more fell
 He struck me to the ground, and bound me there.
 Soon, striving to redeem the massy debts
 The General had incurr'd, 'twas found, the Court,
 In secret guise, oppos'd the sev'ral claims
 Of those whose timely aid their country sav'd.
 Straightway, my son, who had advanc'd his all,
 A sum of large amount ! repair'd to Court ;
 And, for his own, and for his brother's deeds—
 In three short days, he died of poison.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Poison!

And think'st thou with intent to rob him?

OLD MAN.

'Twas surely so. The fact was scarce deny'd,
And none of all the borrow'd fums were paid.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

O execrable deed! What unknown crimes,
What various acts of infamy must pass,
Ere men could reach to such unmingled guilt!
Was nothing then restor'd? They could not see
The fire of so renown'd a chieftain want?
So would thy furrow'd cheek and whiten'd locks
The treachery of courts abroad proclaim,
They must perforce relent.

OLD MAN.

Who hears the cries
Of feebleness and right, if power alone
Resolve on what is justice! Mine it was,
Woe-worn and old, in beggary reduc'd,
To feel oppression heavy at my heart,
And yet it burst not; but intrepid rose
To save from ruin a beloved daughter.
The pleasing time of life to her was come,
When all the young affections thrilling flow
With rapture to the heart. Beauty was her's,
And elegance of form, in meekness clad.

It was not that her charms allur'd the young ;
 She caught the skilful eye of riper years.
 Grave judgmenr list'ned to her sweet discourse,
 And smil'd applause. So fair, and so esteem'd,
 It was not long ere claims upon her heart
 Were warm preferr'd by a young German lord,
 Of winning manners, and of seeming worth.
 His suit was soon successful with my child,
 And soon I gave it sanction and support.
 This was the sum of all my other joys.
 I saw my daughter tenderly pursu'd,
 With every mark of honourable love,
 And saw her in the fond attachment blest.
 But, when my fortunes fell, what was my grief
 To find her suitor shrinking from his vows,
 And basely striving to seduce her virtue!
 Nay, such his blushless front, the villain dar'd
 To me define the price of her dishonour.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

To hear thy dismal tale, one needs must feel
 The pang of pity, and th' indignant storm
 Of just resentment rising in the breast.
 A tumult like to that of fell revenge,
 Which mars the visage, and deforms the soul ;
 And sure, thy wrongs would vindicate a rage
 That mercy would be shock'd at ! What follow'd ?
 What didst thou do ?

OLD MAN.

What could I? What remain'd
 But to desert the country, and reside
 Where solitude might shelter us from danger?
 So, leaving Danube's fruitful shores, we came,
 Above three years ago, and settled here.
 Our wants increas'd; but nature's few supply'd,
 Soon indigence an inmate lost its frown.
 O! 'tis amazing what resources spring
 To guard calamity against distraction!
 Had poverty the horror, on approach,
 That pamper'd fancy gives it, who could bear,
 From fortune's gaudiest prospects thrown,
 To tread the dark abode, and still survive!

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Prais'd be th' Almighty's mandate! Virtuous joy
 Is ever independent of the blaze
 Produc'd by art: The splendid palace, hence,
 Of marble built, with roofs of fretted gold,
 With costly furniture, and silken beds,
 Oft leaves its stately lord chagrin'd with griefs
 The poorest tenants of the cottage miss.

OLD MAN.

'Tis not the hardships of a lowly state,
 But injuries that wound; and we, alas!
 Had more to bear: For, while myself and wife
 Ourselves consol'd, that life was near a close,
 And that our daughter had the choice to wed

A frugal neighbour's son, a virtuous youth,
 We were discover'd in our lone retreat
 By him we fought to shun : His lawless love
 To brutal rage inflam'd, he furious came,
 Supported by a ruffian band of slaves,
 And tore our daughter from us. Spite of tears,
 And every ardent prayer for mercy made,
 He tore her screaming, from her parents arms,
 And left us wretched, scowling farther vengeance.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Accumulated misery like thine
 Alone makes resignation possible.
 O good old man ! why, why should heav'n permit
 Such infamy existence unaveng'd,
 But to compel the suffering soul to look
 Beyond the confines of this transient scene,
 And bravely bear the many wrongs of life !

OLD MAN.

I could have borne them better had she died !
 But, to believe she lives, when ev'ry hour
 Must bring her insult, is a bleeding sore !
 'Twas this that crush'd my wife : Tho' oft before,
 With patient sorrow, she had smil'd on pain,
 She never, from that dismal day, has look'd
 Out with a loathing on herself ; nor spoke
 Out with the murmur of a broken heart.
 But hark ! she is awake.

SHADE

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Alas! She groans.

Could sympathy remove the grief it shares,
She yet should look on peace. She groans again.
I have an interest now in what she feels,
And, with my services, I'll strive to prove it.

*[He takes up some grapes, and goes with
them into the cottage.]*

OLD MAN.

O gentle stranger, be all blessings thine!
Did men but know, how cordial to the sad
Sweet kindness is, and how it kindles up
Immortal graces in its owner's gaze,
It were not sure so rare! But, erring on,
They covet praise when they should merit love;
Hence do we seldom find the list'ning ear,
The gentle accent, or the pitying look,
Tho' dim-ey'd sorrow tell her saddest tale.

Re-enter SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

O thou! of whom adversity demands
So large a tribute, thou hast paid it all!

OLD MAN.

How! how! What dost thou mean?

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Thy wife is dead.

OLD MAN.

I thank thee, God, tho' every earthly ill
 Has pond'rous fall'n on my unhappy head,
 That I have grace to bless thee still! and yet,
 Yet have I still, a feeling heart to weep;
 Nor can an old man's tears unseemly flow,
 For one who tended him with care so long,
 And never saw him sad, but with a sigh.
 Forgive me, gentle stranger, that I grieve thee.
 I'm left of all my friends, a lonely wretch
 Amidst a barb'rous world, that will not now
 Requite me better, that it was unjust.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

What can I say? fain, fain, I would console thee.
 I would atone to thee the world's despite.
 On me now throw thine age: on me rely;
 Call me thy son; and, for a father's love,
 I'll give the duty of a son, indeed.

OLD MAN.

Thy virtue will reward thee, thanks would fail.
 I'll bear me in; I would behold her now;
 I would recall the tender days we knew;
 I may be grievous; yet am I resign'd;
 And bless the stroke that summ'd her sufferings.

*[He is supported by the SHADE OF ST. CLOUD
 into the Hovel.]*

K

SCENE,

*SCENE, a Wood, where, upon a Scroll suspended over
an opening, is written :*

TRAVELLER,

IF THOU SEEKEST HAPPINESS,

AND IF IT DELIGHT THEE TO PROTECT THE WEAK,
ENTER HERE.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS,

O sympathy ! which next to praise
Angels love, and wish to raise,
Glowing o'er the feelings fine
That vibrate in their forms divine,
Aside our harps we often throw,
Pleas'd to drop a friendly tear
On mis'ry, with dejected air,
That sighs, and tells her tale of woe.

If thus on human tears and sighs
Angels look and sympathize,
And feel exalted with the glow
That prompts the aid of grief below,
Must not the man exalted feel,
Who does, O sympathy, thy pleasures borrow,
Thy sacred pleasures snatch'd from sorrow ;
Must not humanity to him reveal
A transport ever hid from those

Who proudly shun thy penfive plight,
To seek where sadness shuns the light,
To brood in private o'er her woes?

Perhaps it is a father's groan,
Lamenting for an only son!—
Whilst her hungry infant sleeps,
Perhaps a woe-worn mother weeps!—
Perhaps a ruin'd maid complains!—
What ever sorrows meet the ear,
The sympathetic instant hear;
Inquire into their several pains;
And give the consolation bland
Of kind advice, or stretch the liberal hand.

O Sympathy! which next to praise
Angels love, and wish to raise,
Flowing o'er their feelings fine,
Men by thee are made divine!

[During the Chorus, the SHADE OF ST. CLOUD proceeds on his journey, as directed by the Scroll.]

SCENE, a Wood in Italy.

Enter CLEORA pursued by TORCELLO.

CLEORA:

Help! help! O trav'ler turn, and save me. Help!

[She runs to the SHADE OF ST. CLOUD, who
steps betwixt her and TORCELLO.]

K 2

TORCELLO.

TORCELLO.

Ha! what art thou who dar'st to interpose
'Twixt me and my pursuit?

CLEORA.

That thus I fall,
And crave protection at a stranger's feet,
Will tell you I am wretched. O then, save me.

TORCELLO.

One instant longer keep her from my arms,
And I will——

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Hold, thy threat'nings are in vain,
Humanity and right alone can claim her.
I would not from an injur'd lover guard,
Or shield her from a brother's warm reproof.
She may have err'd; but, 'till I know the truth,
I will not yield her to a rage like thine.

TORCELLO.

And must I answer just as thou requir'st?
Tamely reply to questions put——by whom?
Thy crest unknown among Italian chiefs,
What country owns thee? What's the mighty name
That would exact what were deny'd a prince?

SHADE

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Were both my country and my name unknown,
I am ennobled by a generous cause.

Nay, do not lay thy hand upon thy sword;
For, if thou draw'st, no longer we have terms.

I've freely said I would not do thee wrong;

But, when a lady for protection calls,

His rights must be confest who would debar it.

CLEORA.

He has no right.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Then fear not. With my life
I will protect thee.

TORCELLO.

Speedy shalt thou pay
The forfeit offer'd with thy feeble aid. [Exit]

CLEORA.

I hope he's gone. I hope he won't return.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

He threaten'd as he went—and yet, 'tis strange,
I think he scarce had left his vengeance here
To seek it coolly at another time.

CLEORA,

CLEORA.

Two men of his are in the wood.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Indeed!

I thought he was a coward. 'Tis ever thus.
 However warm, however much provok'd,
 The dastard will not trust an equal chance,
 But seeks resources that secure him fate;
 And then, indeed, he looks as fierce as he
 An hundred odds could fight, and vanquish too,

CLEORA.

O let us instantly from hence depart.
 He may return, and mischief may ensue.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

I would not, lady, be fool-hardy thought,
 And yet I cannot think he will return.
 His honour seems not so inflammable
 As in the motion of retreat to blaze.
 One spark of that electrifying power
 That prompts th' ingenuous mind to all her rights
 Did he possess, he had not meanly shrunk
 As we but now have seen. What shall be said—
 He, in a lonely wilderness like this,
 Had not on female weakness so presum'd,
 As rouse the terror and despair I saw.
 But rudeness oft with cowardice is join'd,
 As generous daring, fearful to offend,

still to delicacy found allied,
 Which delicacy is no load on him.
 Inform me, didst thou ever see him blush?
 Through strong anxiety to merit love,
 Didst thou e'er know him wilder'd with thy gaze,
 And falter as he spoke? Ah, no! thou look'st
 As if he were incapable of this;
 And wanting sensibility of soul
 To estimate the value of thy sex.
 It must be odds indeed, will urge him back
 In quest of danger he already shunn'd.
 Securely, then, be seated here a while;
 And tell me who he is, who rudely thus
 Has frighten'd thee. He could not be a stranger.

CLEORA.

He is no stranger. He is one who long,
 With unsuccessful suit, has sought my hand.
 He's one of those who wins no woman's love;
 And wanting art to gain her tenderness,
 He thinks that perseverance will atone
 For want of power to please. Harsh, fullen, proud;
 His temper grew more hateful, as he found
 In obstinacy, equal to his own,
 Refuse the honours that he deign'd to give.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Such passion is a-kin to hatred, more
 Than to affection; yet it oft succeeds
 Surpassing hope; for, aided by the wish,

And

And constant offer of attachment made,
 Fancy bewilder'd snatches at the bait,
 Ev'n conscious of the gin which faster holds
 The more its captive struggles to be free.
 'Tis well you had the courage to refuse
 With constancy; for, 'tis the yielding here,
 The being reconcil'd to very faults,
 That makes so many wedded women curst.

CLEORA.

But, where a favour'd object guards the heart
 There's no such danger, and this case was mine.
 RODOLPHUS view'd me with respectful love,
 Nor thought it was unmanly to be kind,
 And treat with gentleness the maid he woo'd.
 In such a mood, he led me to these scenes,
 Where, seated on a bank that overlooks
 The windings of the stream, we fondly talk'd
 Of pleasures past, and plann'd our future lives:
 When, hideous from the woods below, a voice,
 In terror's wildest accent, call'd out "Murder!"
 Sudden, RODOLPHUS drew his sword, and flew
 Towards the sound, directing me to stay,
 Nor quit the spot 'till his return: When lo!
 Three men in armour from the thicket sprung
 And seiz'd on me, whom swift they bore away.
 Then, in the neighbouring dell, TORCELLO threw
 His beaver up, avow'd the plot was his,
 And swore that henceforth I should be so too.
 His fellows at his nod retir'd, and I,

Defencele

Defenceless left in a barbarian's arms,
 For mercy call'd, altho' my cry was vain:
 Yet, as I struggl'd with his lawless grasp,
 He slip'd a foot, and, falling, quitted me:
 The hope that seiz'd me instant added strength;
 And off I flew, unconscious where; when you,
 With guardian kindness, came and sav'd me.

For this I've nought but empty thanks to give:
 But, if the consciousness that you have sav'd
 The honour of a maid, unstain'd with blame,
 Have aught peculiar of delight to give,
 Be that pleasure yours!

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Thy wish so pure
 Appropriate and full is realiz'd,
 And I am overpaid: Yet, tho' thy thanks
 Value more than golden vase, and tho'
 I am not mercenary, I must own,
 So graceful was the air that sent the gift,
 That soon I should grow covetous of more.

CLEORA.

So: Now your gallantry is not content
 With generous acting, but must add
 The joyous colouring of compliment,
 To finish off your favours. But, take care;
 Tho' I, by parting with my secret, have
 Bridg'd my power to play off the coquette;

L

Were

Were I disposed so, yet if you're wont
 To flatter maidens with deceitful praise,
 Thy arts retorted, often will give pain ;
 For treated but as challenge of her skill,
 The volatile will seek to lure thy heart,
 With no intent, but to disturb thy peace

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

The moment praise descends to be an art,
 For any mean or interested aim,
 Its name is flatt'ry ; and it then deserves
 The pain and shame that ridicule inflicts.
 But honest praise is of a noble mein,
 And must be ever valu'd. Life were robb'd,
 Depriv'd of it, of half her sweetest hours :
 Relax'd exertion would expire in sloth ;
 Th' excursive soul has nothing else for food ;
 And even sturdy labour stronger grows,
 In hopes to share it. What were the soldier ?
 To do a wonder, rage might work him up,
 But what like praise, would urge him firmly on
 Thro' toils, and all the dangers of a siege ?
 What can support the poet in his task
 Of hunting thought, and fretting for a word
 To guide it thro' the channel of the ear,
 Like praise ? And what is compliment, but praise
 Upon familiar subjects ? Never, then,
 This merit from thy catalogue expunge,
 But still be certain that thou art sincere.

CLEORA.

Well dost thou vindicate a pleasing theme.
 ut charming paths oft lead to precipices;
 and compliment, like flattery, may mislead.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

It may, in zeal, o'ershoot the mark a little:
 may I must confess, mistake it too:
 ut, as 'tis void of treach'rous intent,
 serious injury can hardly follow.

CLEORA.

Yet, how shall purity of praise be known
 rom flattery, that ever wears its garb?
 he same its accent, and the same its air,
 he same description suits it, shall we not
 ever then, be yielding to imposture?

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Attention hence is call'd awake: to note
 each the semblance, and distinctive sign:
 and hence more strong our intellectual pow'rs.
 ere judgment interferes; and even now,
 for a while we are deceiv'd, what then?
 he hypocrite assumes the garb of faith,
 and with the simple is a holy man,
 ut should religion be effac'd for this?
 and shall we quit an honest aim, because
 imposture may o'ertake us on the way?

L 2

CLEORA.

CLEORA.

A pace into an argument we wear,
 And this you know, most women still detest.
 'Tis sentiment we love, and thus we prize
 The kernel of dispute without its shell.
 Pleas'd with a splendid truth, we never ask
 Where in proud reasons system is its place :
 Yet, if compell'd to argue, give us love,
 Or some light subject, we have words enough.
 Why did you startle as I mention'd love?
 O do not blush ! for sure it is no shame,
 For such as you to love, and have a mistress !

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

I prithee say—what hast thou heard of me ?
 Who told thee aught ?

CLEORA.

You tell me now yourself.
 Do—do not look so strange ! We met, 'tis true,
 Most strangely here ; but we have talk'd like friends
 Nay, grown familiar in discourse, then why
 Should you debar me knowing that, which sure
 I could assist thee in ?

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

I pray no more.
 It is a subject that I wish to shun.

CLEORA.

CLEORA.

You are so grave, it were impertinent
 To bid you shake it off; yet must you try.
 You'll never win her with so wise a face:
 Have you a dismal story to impart,
 Some bird escap'd, or favourite dog destroy'd,
 I will do. Nay, now you smile; and now you're out,
 Quite out of time: For, should you mince a smile,
 With such a melancholy tale to tell,
 'Twere better you had been the dog that died.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

So pure thy ridicule I must be pleas'd;
 'Tis like an operation on a cancer;
 The wound was kindly meant, but cannot cure.
 Yes, I have been allur'd by love. Its dreams
 Have been to me, all that delight could rear,
 Or disappointment blast. My raptur'd soul
 Full of the image of ELIZA's charms,
 And true as shadows to the failing swans,
 The gracious idol of its hope pursued
 In midnight murmurs, and in morning sighs,

CLEORA.

Her eyes were diamonds, pearls were her teeth
 Begirt with coral; nay, so far her neck,
 Her arms, her limbs, in texture did excell
 The vulgar aspect of true flesh and blood,
 They seem'd all marble of a polish pure.
 In truth, she was in form and thought an angel!

SHADE

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

She was, indeed, whate'er delighted me.

CLEORA.

There you descended to a human pitch,
And there abide ; for now I understand you.
Thou need'st must fly, but downward is thy flight.
I vow 'tis most ridiculous, that love,
A mortal passion, with a mortal aim,
Should talk in language of no earthly use,
And which itself can hardly understand.
The cure for madness is the cure for this.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

And wouldst thou, in thy frolic, level love,
To talk with all the coolness of reflection ?
Thy banter may silence it ; nay, thou mayst
Ev'n force a blush for its extravagance :
But fear as soon will shew itself in smiles,
And jealousy be known by tones of joy,
As from his airy clime will love be lur'd.
'Tis, therefore, he is ever drawn with wings ;
And there, remov'd from vulgar things, he weaves
Transparent fancies for his vot'ry's dreams.

CLEORA.

Still art thou on a giddy height, but where
With safety I might follow, if I chose.
And why—what ails thee at the humble vale ?
Does simple nature hurt a lover's eye ?

O! trust me, no; it never will: and tho'
 Romance were dead, thy mistress would not lose
 One sigh of homage that was worth her love,
 Or thou a pleasure that was worth thy care.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

What thou wouldst have me, make me; and trans-
 form
 Me to automaton; I'll strive to please thee.
 I will contract my motion to a step,
 My voice shall have no note but one, and that
 Shall pace the movement of a measur'd line.
 My very thoughts shall be subdued, to show
 How much good-humour that is sage delights me.

CLEORA.

Now art thou in the temper that I wish:
 Thou art a reasonable being now:
 So shalt thou see that I am vastly sage.
 For keep this pliant tone, and this I say,
 Thy mistress shall with kindness meet thy love,
 Or thou, indifferent, shall forget thy mistress.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

The miracle would be, in such a tone,
 That I should love at all.

CLEORA.

O pardon me;
 Whatever is in health has love enough:

It

It is against its frenzy you should guard :
 Unless, indeed, it operate to please,
 And then, you must reserve it for retirement.
 You love, you say, a lady fair and coy,
 Who will not give your love-sick tale a hearing.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

I said not so : I've talk'd of love, and—

CLEORA.

How!

Talk of love to her ! and did she hear thee—
 And say'st thou she was coy ? For shame, for shame
 And thou must sigh, and scruple her to use
 A little maidenish deceit, as zest
 To make her love for thee delectable :
 I half believe you've play'd the maid yourself ;
 And, trusting to her partial fondness own'd,
 Assum'd the airs that should have made you tremble
 Say if you lately met ?—

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Twelve months are past
 Since she was lost to me, I fear for ever.
 For, to disarm thy mirth, I must inform thee,
 The vows that love could give, or honour ask
 Had past, when, working on her father's pride,
 Slander with rumours so confirm'd his rage,
 That she was far remov'd, I know not whether.

CLEORA

CLEORA.

Why, this is sad. Mirth is indeed difarm'd,
 When pleas'd to titulate, it only tortures;
 If I can smile at love that weaves the web
 Of mischief in its brain, I, too, can sympathize
 Where frauds annul an honourable tie.
 But—Hear! what noise?

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

It is the clash of swords.

CLEORA.

I've lost thee, mercy! if it be TORCELLO.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Be not afraid. I hope there is no danger.

CLEORA.

Haste, let us fly—there is no safety here.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

If it be he, it were in vain to fly,
 He is so near. A flight would aid his courage
 And encrease our danger. Trust then in me,
 I have a practis'd arm, and this our foe
 Has but a wretched quarrel to support.

CLEORA.

But force will make it pure.—He is at hand.

M

SHADE

DREAM OF ST. CLOUD.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

If thou wouldst have me guard thee, be compos'd.

Enter TORCELLO wounded.

CLEORA.

Look there, and be compos'd thyself.

TORCELLO.

O heav'n!

Sure I was sent this way to feel my guilt,
And to confess its punishment was just.

[Exit.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Alas! 'tis strange.

Enter RODOLPHUS.

CLEORA.

Rodolphus!

RODOLPHUS.

Cleora!

CLEORA.

Now am I safe. (*Rushing into the arms of Rodolphus.*)

RODOLPHUS.

O heav'ns! where am I!

CLEORA! love! I know not if I'm blest,

Bu

But I have fought thee with such eager haste,
 And promis'd me such pleasure if my search
 Should be successful, that it must be joy
 I feel: Yet am I loaded as with pain.

CLEORA.

The piteous spectre now has told his tale.

RODOLPHUS.

What dost thou mean, my love?

CLEORA.

So pale thou art,
 Thy hair dishevell'd and thy sword unsheath'd
 Too plainly speak. TORCELLO wounded too—

RODOLPHUS.

Ha! did the villain pass this way?

CLEORA.

He did.

Wounded and pale he seem'd to seek his grave.

RODOLPHUS.

'Tis all that he deserves: Another gift
 To such a wretch, were naming pity Changling.

O CLEORA! I'm afraid to ask—to learn—
 What follow'd on our parting; for a plot
 So dark and deadly would be rudely urg'd.

2 M

CLEORA.

CLEORA.

It was; and even at last I had been lost,
But that this noble stranger interpos'd.

RODOLPHUS.

What can reward so generous an aid!

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

I did my duty, which its merit quits
Whenever it assumes a higher name,
However pleas'd when 'tis approv'd by worth.

CLEORA.

You said the plot was dark and deadly.—How?
Was't laid for thee with any other aim
Than to prevent pursuit?

RODOLPHUS.

O, I was bound,
Both hands and feet, and pinion'd to the ground,
Gagg'd to prevent my speech, and guarded so,
Th' assassin's knife was ready at my throat
Whatever might occur. Why shrink you, love?
They did not injure me. One of the crew
Suborn'd for murd'rous projects recognis'd me,
Knew that I was rich, and counterplotted
To secure my flight. Soon he atchiev'd it,
And guessing at TORCELLO's rout, we follow'd,
Resolv'd to rescue thee by art or force
As it might suit, or perish in th' attempt.

Har

ard by we met him with two armed men ;
 We instantly assail'd ; the villain turn'd ;
 but soon he left the conflict to his slaves,
 Who fought as if the quarrel was their own,
 My fellow fell, and his opponent too :
 The other vanquish'd, in all haste I came
 to seek the master of this murtherous herd.

CLEORA.

Wounded he pass'd us here, mutter'd his guilt,
 and seem'd to look for pardon : But despair
 seal'd up his lips ; he gaz'd in silence round,
 then heav'd a heavy sigh, and gloomy left us.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Repentment's lifted spear must drop at this !
 Look here ! Behold this wretched man !

[*Pointing to TORCELLO without.*]

CLEORA,

Alas !

He kneels and lifts his hands and eyes to heav'n,
 May heav'n forgive, and visit him in mercy.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

The generous with bespeaks a worthy foul.

CLEORA.

He's sick, and cannot hold himself upright.
 Faint with the loss of blood, he downward bends.

See !

See ! fee ! he reels ! Give me thy hand RODOLPHUS !
I'll speak of comfort to him ere he dies.

RODOLPHUS.

'Twere vile revenge if I could hate him now.

[*Exeunt R. & C.*]

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Thy drops, O Pity ! on the female cheek
Possess a charm inimitably fine.
Thou dost not shun to glisten in the eye
That shares in all the joyous scenes of life ;
For still, where nature unaffected reigns,
Most true her tears who can most frankly smile.

*SCENE, a woody back-ground. over an Opening
exhibited a Scroll, upon which is written :*

TRAVELLER,

IF THOU SEEKEST HAPPINESS,
AND DESPISEST NOT SIMPLICITY,
NOR SHUNNEST GENEROSITY,

ENTER HERE.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Who is the mortal in his car
Whose glitt'ring vesture shines afar ;

Who drives his fiery steeds along
Surrounded by a servile throng;
Whose haughty brow is mark'd with hate;
Who will not yield his heart to ease;
Who scorns with simple airs to please;
Jealous is he of the state
Which he affirms the birthright of the great?
His pride that lifts his buoyant mind
Above the rest of human kind.
And if the selfish claim's withstood
Encour riots in his blood.
Hence he raves in his command;
Hence the harshness of his tones,
And the fury of his frowns,
While red oppression stains his hand.
W'd with the terrors of his face,
The murmuring crowd behold him pass;
Nor is one open aspect there,
Nor not a bosom lifts for him a prayer.

Oppos'd to such, the man behold,
Whom sacred honour guides;
With him calm peace resides.
And reason meek, and virtue bold.
God-nature in his heart enthron'd
Takes all his accents silver-ton'd.
The decent smile upon his cheek
Gives to the modest and afraid,
Who timid come to ask his aid,
Confidence and power to speak.

Such

Such is his love of justice pure,
 That high tho' the oppressor's plac'd,
 Tho' lowly be the one distressed,
 He ever is the guardian sure
 Of worth; and hence the glist'ning flood
 That greets him in the eye of gratitude.
 For oft when she intends to smile,
 And oft when she intends to praise,
 She can but sob and weep the while,
 So full her heart, so raptur'd is her gaze.

Honour and pride in spheres oppos'd plac'd,
 This sinks the highest, that exalts the least.

[During the Chorus, the SHADE OF ST. CLOUD
 proceeds on his journey as directed by the Score]

SCENE, a Cave.

A number of FAIRIES like little Boys, dressed in green.
 One of them with a Kitten.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

I must have lost my way. What have we here
 You are a group of pretty little fellows.
 And pray, my boy, [To one of the FAIRIES]
 Can any of you speak?

1st FAIRY.

Speak! [they all laugh] we speak all languages.

DREAM OF ST. CLOUD.

97

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Heyday!

And what's the designation of your school?

1st FAIRY.

Quiberiftygrandibusquino.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

And what, I pray, does this imply?

1st FAIRY.

It means,

that we are not the taught, but those who teach.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

And who are taught of you?

1st FAIRY.

Such as yourself.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

What shall I learn if I become your disciple?

1st FAIRY.

That he has something more to know than wisdom
who wears foul linen.

2d FAIRY.

He who cannot learn,

N

When

When the pot boils over, to stir it round,
Is hardly fit to fill a place of trust.

3d FAIRY.

Where crowds of flies deform the kitchen wall,
The guest, you say, is welcome and well fed;
But we have found, where savoury smells abound,
That hospitality is seldom there.

4th FAIRY.

Who gives you milk receives you as a friend;
But he who kills the cow has other aims.

5th FAIRY.

Grief is what nobody wishes to buy;
Laughter is what nobody ought to buy:
But cheerfulness, could it be bought, should bring
Thy annual rent, however large the sum.

6th FAIRY.

That Time is not the tyrant he is call'd.
Ambition, riot, covetousness, sloth,
Are self-affassins, which an hundred ways
Anticipate their fate.

1st FAIRY.

His vial Time
Drops on th' industrious and sober man,
And soothes him into sleep, and seals his cares.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

In these conceits, I own, more wisdom is,
Than oft is found in lectures of the learn'd.

1st FAIRY.

We laugh at wisdom.

2d FAIRY.

And we laugh at learning.

3d FAIRY.

We hate politicians.

4th FAIRY.

Money-lenders.

5th FAIRY.

Old maids and batchelors.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

But wherefore hate them?

1st FAIRY.

For, rude in manners, and in tempers four,
They plague themselves and others.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Whom love you then?

2 N

1st

1st FAIRY.

Girls going to the dancing school.

2d FAIRY.

Boys at play,

3d FAIRY.

Every man that is in love under thirty,
And every woman under five and twenty.

4th FAIRY.

And the most of married folks for a fortnight.

1st FAIRY.

We love the plowman on spring mornings,
Who yoking his team ere it be yet day
Awakens the lark.

2d FAIRY.

We love the milk-maid
On the summer's eve, calling across the fields
Her cow, who heavy-udder'd trotting comes.

3d FAIRY.

We love the woodman and the labourer,
Who work twelve hours a day for a shilling,
And straight go home to their wives and children.

4th

4th FAIRY.

We love the wife who keeps a cleanly hearth,
And saves her fire-wood 'till her husband come.

5th FAIRY.

We love their children, if their hair be comb'd
And faces wash'd, altho' with tatter'd coats
Of coarsest wool,

1st FAIRY.

But most we love the youth
Who walks by moon-light musing on his dear,
Him we still pursue with dreams fantastic,
And ideal hopes of golden days to come.
Whither we sport before him on the turf,
Or float unseen betwixt him and the stars :
Whether we lurk amid the branchy trees,
Or wanton on the summit of a rock :
We so arrange the beams of light around,
That his ideas all delighted dance,
And love assimilates itself with fairy scenes.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD,

Have I encounter'd, then, a band of Fairies,
Whose beings I believ'd but of the brain,
And only noted of the nurse's tale ?
I thought you liv'd but to th' internal eye
And the internal ear ; but now reveal'd
To purer vision, and to real sense,

I must confess you most enchanting elves.
And yet, I know not how to reconcile
Your youthful human forms, with my belief
Of all the various shapes that you assume.

1st FAIRY.

This is the truth, tho' we enquire not why ;
For we can mould ourselves to any form,
From this to nothing.

2d FAIRY.

We can find the way,
In spite of bolts, to the maiden's bed-chamber,
Tho' it has not a chink t'admit a mouse.

3d FAIRY.

We can shelter ourselves under a mole,
Tho' it is not bigger than a wasp's eye.

4th FAIRY.

We can ride on an eye-lash by the dozen,
Nor derange a hair.

5th FAIRY.

But the human eye
Can only see us in our present forms ;
For, when we alter them we are invisible.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

So have I surely heard before : But, say,

Is this the usual place of your abode ;
Or do you flit your haunts upon occasion ?

1st FAIRY.

We are commanded of the Fairy Queen.
Sometimes we live in the hollow cave,
Where nothing descends but curiosity,
Whose lamp is a thousand times reflected
In the pendant crystals.

2d FAIRY.

Sometimes we live
On the mountains top, where the crevic'd rock
Gives a shelter secur'd from the beams of the sun.

3d FAIRY.

We often gambol in the lonely glen.

4th FAIRY.

A ruin'd abbey is a favourite haunt.

5th FAIRY.

A country church's steeple.

6th FAIRY.

Useless kiln.

1st FAIRY.

A burnt house, or a barn, is our retreat ;

But

But never do we move our kitten dear,
But in obedience to our royal dame.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

What spell is in the kitten, that you talk
As if for it your movements were resolv'd on ?

1st FAIRY.

The kitten is our name : 'Tis this alone
Our tribe is known by ; what our number is ;
And whether we reside in hill or dale.

2d FAIRY.

Or seek the woodland, or the steepy rock
O'erhung with hazels, where the pigeons breed.

3d FAIRY.

Or by the waters gushing sound reside,
Whether it rushes foaming from the rock,
Or drives the miller's ever-busy wheel.

1st FAIRY.

Who holds the kitten by its rusky cord
Is master of the band, from setting day
Till next the sun descending hides his beams,
And the grey owl howts thro' the hollow vale.

2d FAIRY.

We have the pheasant tribe of Fairies too.

3d FAIRY.

The partridge.

4th FAIRY.

Pigeon.

5th FAIRY.

Hare, and other kinds.

By which we're summon'd to attend
Where'er our Queen commands,
By rocky sea-beach, or on furrow'd field.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Your favourites sure must quarrel when you meet,
If kittens, or if pigeons keep in kind.

1st FAIRY.

All must be harmony where Fairies sport.
Good-nature is the end of their existence :
And nothing can approach them but must feel
And own its influence.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Then are you bely'd.

Mischievous as a Fairy is proverbial.
'Tis said that you delight in nothing more
Than to mislead the nightly traveller,
And spoil the thrifty housewife's web.

1st FAIRY.

To him

Who likes his glass, if I should fill it twice,
And if he headlong fall into the mire,
Am I to blame because he drank too much?

2d FAIRY.

Tho' I had plac'd a pin that scratch'd a scold,
And she in fury throws aside her yarn
Where rats may chew it, was it spoil'd by me?

3d FAIRY.

If I remove a guinea on a miser's board,
And he, in agony, think all is lost,
Must I lament because the man is mad?

1st FAIRY.

The fault is in the temper, not in us;
For we who rule the means that measure life,
By small reproofs, howe'er these wiles may work,
Must still attempt its cure. But now the sun
Is level with the plain, and we must hence.
The bat's abroad; the village smoke expires;
Yet, stranger, would you pass the dreary cave,
Take this.—Here is a wand that Fancy left,
Will open at its touch, whatever door
Obstructs your passage on the way you chuse.

[Gives him a wand]

Farewell, and when you're fretful think on us. [Exeunt]

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Farewell, sweet Fairies. I'll remember you.
 And for your sakes will value little things
 As safeguards of the temper you o'erwatch.
 But who can measure out his future course,
 Passion may interfere, and lift the soul
 Buoyant above all circumstances round.
 Yet to the mind smooth methodis'd by peace
 Wild passion swift returns; as the proud eagle
 From his heavenward flight well pleas'd descends,
 And perches on the rocky mountain's height.
 How shall I bend my course? I eastward came;
 And this way leads me north. I'll turn me here.

[He turns to the back of the Cave, where he waves his wand, and strikes a door which immediately opens.]

Horror! what sounds are these! Or make me deaf,
 Or give me power to fly. Hear! hear! horror!

[A repetition of deep and hollow groans issues from the Cave.]

This is not solitary wretchedness,
 It is the settl'd groan of misery
 Heav'd from the bottom of an hundred hearts,
 And creeps more chilly o'er my shrinking soul,
 Than would the yell of hostile armies fierce
 Advancing furious to the bloody field.

Enter a YOUTH, pale and sorrowful.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

How, ALEXIS! where came you from? Why here?

O 2

You

You look pale! Were you frighten'd with the groans?
They were, indeed, most piteous.

ALEXIS.

Alas!

I'm wedded to the dismal melody,
This is the cave of Sorrow, and tho' young,
I am admitted to the choir of Grief.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD,

Is soothing hope forsaken of thee, then?

ALEXIS,

The hope of pleasure is forever lost,
In spite of all your labour to improve,
And tenderness to soothe me.—O 'twas kind
To look with pity on a wretch like me,
Brought up in all the wantonness of vice;
And when the rod of law was lifted to correct,
It was most kind to strive to save me;
Tho' loaded with a vile dishonest name,
To take me home, and show me what was crime,
And what was punishment, and what was peace.
Yet Infamy pursu'd me where I went,
And with such cruel looks forever cross'd me,
That I desponding sought out sorrow here.
This is the hour we take the evening bath:—
The bath of melancholy calms regret;—
And then our sighs and tears more freely flow.

SHAD

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Luckless ALEXIS! yield not to despair.
Yet, yet you may have many days for joy.

ALEXIS.

Talk not of joy! it cannot reach me here. [*Exit.*]

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

He's gone, a prey to anguish. Hapless youth!
Did I indulge the secret pang I feel,
I would lament thee in a flood of tears.
But I have hopes it may not long be thus,
And I may better serve thee.—Groans again!
How dreadful must it be to look on woe
It is so dismal but to hear.—Again!
I dare not venture in the drear abode.

Enter an OLD MAN.

Defend me, is it thou, Old Man! What! ARNOLD!
Art thou affociate with sorrow too?
Has poverty assail'd thee hard so long,
And dost thou yield to her vexatious suit?
But I must own thou hast been fore beset.

ARNOLD.

I have, indeed, tho' you stretch'd out your hand,
Redeem'd me from the frauds of fordid men,
And kindly gave me back to industry.
When I have heard my children cry for food,

And

And seen their weeping mother wring her hands
 That she had none to give, I then have thought
 The want of wealth the hardest lot for man.
 But, I have met á harder still from those,
 Those very children that I toil'd so much for,
 My eldest daughter was of late seduced :
 I struggled to regain her, but in vain ;
 She threw herself a prostitute away ;
 Nay, soon contriv'd the means, so foul she was !
 To wile her sister to her wicked course,
 Who left me nearly houseless ; for my goods
 They basely had purloin'd, and squander'd all,

My son, who had been riotous a while,
 Now for his sisters feign'd excessive grief.
 He told me they repented, that they loath'd
 The life they led, but had contracted debts,
 Which he entreated me to pay, to lure
 Them back to virtue. My son prevail'd.
 I borrow'd money. Gave the sum to him.
 He ran away with all, and I once more
 Was left in tenfold ruin.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Yet to me,

Who willing, had the means to bring relief,
 In such distress thou didst not come ; and wherefore ?
 Didst thou suppose my heart was harder grown ?
 That I could hear a piteous tale like this,
 And not advance with aid ? What hast thou seen
 Amiss in me to warrant such a thought ?

ARNOLD

ARNOLD.

Think not that I have ever been ungrateful.
 But, generous as you are, you could not heal
 A wounded heart, or give my children back,
 But with increase of shame. And for myself,
 (My wife was dead ere yet her daughters fell,)
 I needed little in my lonely state.
 That pity which the world deny'd, I fought
 In Sorrow's mansion here, but must be gone.
 Farewell.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Stay, stay, can I not serve you here?

ARNOLD.

No comfort can approach this dreary cave. [*Exit.*

Enter a LADY.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

And who art thou, array'd in grief?—and why—
 Why fix thine eyes so full on me, as if
 Thou knew'st me? Hitherto I've met with friends,
 With those whom I have known, but surely thee
 never saw before.

LADY.

I think you have.
 in my earlier years consign'd my hand
 to one, who with my heart's best love, receiv'd

An

An ample fortune, which he ill deserv'd.
Soon were his faults reveal'd ; but I was blind
While I possess'd the semblance of his love,
To every stretch of riot or expence
That bore the name of living with the times.
A growing family soon encreas'd my cares,
And when I look'd to him to smoothe the toil
With added love, I found him ever cold.
Tho' still respectful, yet his nature rude
Burst often into rage that frighten'd me.
Time but encreas'd his frenzy : For, resign'd
To each excess of low debauched life,
Declining fortune follow'd fast, and left
Eternal discord in his savage breast.
I practis'd every art to save expence ;
Reduc'd my children to a frugal meal,
As if resolv'd, convenience apart,
To shew how little would suffice for life
When freed of false desires ; but all in vain.
He still grew worse ; and when I would complain,
The monster would reward me with a blow.
For ten long years I was most basely us'd.
Worn out with sheer debauchery, he died,
And left six children, who look'd up to me
For aid, but all was gone ; and I was thrown,
Some few weeks after, in a loathsome gaol.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

What is thy name?

LADY.

Grief and disgrace so shock'd me,
That I was seiz'd with sickness fore, and lay
Upon a wretched pallet nearly senseless,
My children round me, when a stranger came.—

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Thy name is BRECON, then?

LADY.

BRECON it is,
And thou, thou art the gen'rous stranger too.
I could not thank thee then, nor must I now.
My children will. Farewell. [Exit.]

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

It is amazing!

Thy vot'ries, Sorrow! cherish grief, as if
It were a bosom friend; while joy they shun,
As if it were some phantom form'd of air,
The gay enchanting shade of sprite malign,
That still amus'd pursuit through quagmires deep,
And up the rocky steep to the hill top,
But to vanish in derisive smiles.
Whom have we here? Alas, alas! LOUISA!

Enter LOUISA.

I confess that his eyes were like the hawks;
He had their talons too, but I knew it not;
For it was misty in the mountain, and
The brambles were ripe, and they were false too.

P

O,

O, I know you now ; you promis'd to come ;
 But the crocus and the daisy I thought
 Would have been here before you. I remember
 The night my mother died you stirr'd the fire,
 The light glar'd around, and she was so pale,
 And you were so sad, and it was all so ghastly,
 I have lov'd melancholy ever since.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Too much, I fear, for such a gentle frame.

LOUISA.

Were there no butterflies after the storm?
 Had my father liv'd he would have sav'd them ;
 But he died, and I strew'd his grave with flow'rs ;
 The rose, the lily, and the jessamine.
 I meant them for a garland to my love,
 But he left me. They withered and I wept.
 And much I wish to weep, but have no tears.
 And grief that weeps not like a nettle burns.
 Ah! tears are milk to bathe the blister'd heart,
 But, lack-a-day ! adieu.

[Exit.]

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Could I too weep,
 It would relieve my bosom of a pang
 Unspeakable, that yet o'ercomes my fears,
 While sympathy possesses whole my heart,
 And lessens all the horrors of the cave,
 I'll in. And lo ! they beckon as they pass.

[Several figures pass in the back ground.]

I come. Where would you lead? I follow straight.

[Exit.]

SCENE, a woody back ground; where upon a Scroll is
written :

TRAVELLER,

IF ADVERSE TO FORCE,

THOU WOULDST WITH FORTITUDE

ENCOUNTER SEVEREST DUTIES,

ENTER, HERE.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

'Tis worth that gives the temper true,
That like the sun extracts delight
From every object plac'd in view,
That lately shrunk in drooping plight.
But op'ning on his beams appears,
Now glorying in the light it wears.

Angels, strike your lyres again,
Devote the sweetly swelling strain
To human worth, that kindly gives
The pliant temper to the mind,
Alike to smile or sigh inclin'd,
As pleasure gladdens or as sorrow grieves.

How frivolous is his pursuit,
Who strives a constant smile to wear?

And how more savage than the brute
Is he who ever frowns severe?

'Tis worth that gives the temper true,
That like the sun extracts delight
From every object call'd to view,
Tho' late conceal'd in tenfold night.

[*During the Chorus, the SHADE OF ST. CLOUD, proceeds on his journey as directed by the Scroll.*]

SCENE, a Prison in Africa,

Discovers the SHADE OF ST. CLOUD in Chains,

What is that freedom, which in every age,
Aspiring nations have contended for,
Through fields of blood, and feller civil boils?
Is it a meteor, still eluding grasp?
And must the human mind forever wish,
What reason acted on, can never reach?
That there are nations who submit to bonds,
And are the slaves of those who tread on them
Is true; yet others have erect arose,
Shook off their fetters, and maintain'd their right,
Their sacred right to live by gen'ral laws.
And tho' perfection never is attain'd,
'Tis still a nation's glory to correct,
Where tyrant error or corruption reigns.
Were this effected, none like me would wear,

In a vile prison, ignominious chains,
Without accuser, or a mentioned crime.

Enter ACHMET.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Com'st thou to gall me with a heavier chain,
Whose weight will bend me prostrate to the ground;
Or dost thou mean to try my sinews strength?
Bring forth thy racks, exert thy savage skill!

ACHMET,

Where are the chains I bring, or where the rack?
Why do you tempt a fate that is not threaten'd?

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Why do I—Why am I in chains? Why thus?
And if 'tis thus, why not employ your tortures?
Yes, glut thy rage, no new excess can ere
Increase the crimes that bound me guiltless thus.

ACHMET.

Presumptuous as thou art! dar'st thou pronounce
The Prince's will a crime?

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Forgive my warmth.
I am myself the subject of a prince,
Who is the guardian of his people's rights:
I intemperate aught have said, that may
Approach thee with thy duty, it was wrong:

Yet

Yet feeling what my freedom was at home,
'Tis hard to yield to a controul like thine.

ACHMET.

Now dost thou talk what I can hear—'tis well,
I came to sympathize with thee, perhaps
To lessen thy misfortune, and I griev'd
That thou should dash the proffer'd friendship back.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Have I mistaken, read thy features wrong,
Thought they were working with internal rage,
Alone expressing disappointed kindness?
'Twas passion fretted with restraint misled;
And passion one should ever guard against.
He is a monitor that oft mistakes,
Yet in his haste he is so free from guile,
That on its errors friendship smiles serene,
Knowing how soon repentance will succeed.
Do thou forget then, where I was to blame,
And that I may resign'd embrace my fate,
Tell me, in friendship, what my crime has been.

ACHMET.

A lady favour'd of the prince was known
To cast a look of amorous fondness on thee.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Now, could a stander-by but smile to see
How love's ideal chain is realiz'd.
I thought no lady's amorous glance had forg'd

Such massy chains as these ; but so it is.
And so my fault is in a lady's look ?

ACHMET.

A maid she is, whom he with ardor loves,
But with regard so delicate, that tho'
He could compel her favour, and tho' crowds
Of Afric's rarest beauties grace his Court,
He shunn'd to violate, and sought to win
The rapturous triumph of her love : If he
Was still repell'd by this disdainful dame,
Was it a wonder that he rose in wrath
To see a stranger's transient form attract ;
To see her trembling, fainting as he pass'd ;
And her affections thrown unask'd away ?

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

I thank the lady for her partial thought,
But must regret it calls for such a price.
Had I return'd her love, and sought the means
Private to indulge it, what had follow'd ?
Why, nothing worse than what I now endure :
For when the victim is securely bound,
A single blow completes the sacrifice,
And that rude blow may fall next hour on me.

ACHMET.

And thus would you conceal your efforts made
For private intercourse.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

What dost thou mean ?

ACHMET.

ACHMET.

You would conceal your passion too beneath
 Affected coolness ; but you overact it.
 You might at least have spar'd one look of joy
 To think of such a lady's ardent love,
 Which she could not with all her art conceal,
 It had more nat'ral seem'd and honest too.
 I said she was the loveliest of her sex,
 And if the morn, or song of birds delight,
 If antelopes are graceful as they gaze ;
 Where cheerfulness and grace and music meet,
 She is whatever man could wish in woman !
 And such a one as this to look abroad,
 Survey a youth beneath her lattice plac'd,
 And as she gazes on him, heave a sigh
 That lifts her snowy bosom on its veil.
 Why—such a miracle as this, to look
 As if for life, which was not elsewhere found
 But in the spot she gaz'd on ;—then oppress'd
 With sickness, in an agony to cry,
 “ Great God of nature !” as she swoon'd away.
 Why, this to know, and know yourself the cause,
 Is it not affectation to be cold,
 With smile constrain'd, and folded arms to cry,
 “ I thank the lady but her price regret ?”
 Come, come, this artifice throw all away,
 Let nature take her place, and own a love
 That must be mutual to account for her's.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

I am so much amaz'd, I know not how

To answer you direct : You seem to think,
 That, implicated in affairs of love,
 It is for me in vain to disavow
 What I know nothing of ; and yet, 'tis true
 That I am guiltless of the charge you bring,
 As that I court a virgin of the skies,
 Where Saturn's distant planet rolls his course.

ACHMET.

And when you made your circuit round the palace,
 Survey'd its offices, and ask'd the guard
 What was the use of each, you had no aim,
 No wish to know where best to turn your eyes,
 That longing wander'd for a rich reward?

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

By truth itself I swear, I had no aim
 But what the curious have.

ACHMET.

I'm angry now.

By the great Prophet and my hopes of bliss,
 Thou art, I think, afraid that I betray thee,
 When I would know thy wish but to assist it ;
 When I would strike thy galling fetters off,
 And give thee private access to thy love ;
 When I would lead thee panting full of hope,
 To meet the fair, still dost thou love disown.

Q.

SHADE

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

I must, I must. Why urge me to assent
 To charges I have solemnly deny'd?
 If you persist, I shall most surely think
 You would entangle me with words, when crimes
 To colour o'er your tyranny are wanting.

ACHMET.

Presumptuous slave, I leave thee in thy pride!
 When next we meet, be thou prepar'd with truth
 To meet my wrath, or meet a dreadful fate. *[Exit.]*

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

" Presumptuous slave, I leave thee in thy pride!"
 I am a slave, when thus condemn'd to bear
 Such supercilious marks of pride in thee.
 Pride! what is pride but consciousness of power,
 And meanly o'er the abject lording it.
 Yet is there pride that wears a nobler mein,
 That in adversity supports the soul
 Above all accidents and earthly loss,
 And makes the man of value to himself,
 Tho' stern oppression wields his bloody sword.
 Were this not so, when adverse currents came
 The mind would sink: The arrogance of birth,
 The frowns of wealth, the sneers of selfish men,
 And all the opprobrious acts of place and power,
 Would make inferior mortals shrink in mutes,
 If, when recoiling on itself, the mind
 Found not the help that honest pride bestows.

Ente

Enter ELISA veiled.

Who comes? Whoe'er thou art adorn'd in light
That penetrates this dreary cell, away;
It has no gaiety for such a guest.
Ah! form of elegance, thou meanest mischief.
My boding heart perceives the dark design.
But go, nor tempt me farther to my fate.
That fabled mermaid of delicious form
Reveals her bosom to the sailor's eye,
And lures him with her song till he is lost,
Dash'd on the hidden rock, is but a tale
Deriv'd from beauty treach'rous like thine.
But go, I am aware of thee. Away!

ELISA.

Aware of me, and dost thou know me, then!
And is thy heart forever shut against me!
O faithless man!

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Who speaks? Ha! Where am I?
O speak again, and rescue me from madness.
Let me behold thy face. It is impossible.
And yet, O heav'n! [She unveils.]

It is, it is, ELISA!
I thought a cloud hung heavy o'er my head.
It was thy absence, love; but now I hold thee,
I clasp thee to my bosom as my own,
And bless the loveliness that does adorn thee.

Q 2

ELISA

ELISA

Thy tendernefs is all the world to me.
 I thought thou wouldft not drive me from thy heart,
 I thought that there accefs I ftill fhould find,
 And I have found thee as my wifhes true,

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Yes, let me gaze upon thee; let me look
 My foul in rapture into thine, and blefs,
 Blefs my beloved for th' amazing tranfport.
 An age of abfence is by this atton'd,
 This joy to clasp thee, when I thought thee loft.
 O! I have mourn'd for thee the long, long night,
 And weary with lamenting thee in vain,
 And wrathful at thy father's pride, that fought
 To buy ambition with his daughter's eafe,
 And wrathful at thy patience of his power,
 I have, my love, refolved to forget thee;
 Still on my mem'ry thy fweet image rofe,
 Mix'd with my dreams, and lengthen'd out my flum-
 bers;

Nay, when I chid thee moft, and moft refolv'd
 Never to think of thee again, thou cam'ft
 More lovely in thy witching fmiles adorn'd,
 And chac'd the rebel thoughts, and all my heart
 In forrow or in anger, fcorn or care,
 Henceforth confeß'd thy undisputed reign,

ELISA.

And I deferv'd the triumph I obtain'd,

For, tho' a father's frown, and fraudulent friends
 Contriv'd between our loves to interpose,
 Still has my soul acknowledg'd only thee :
 For, like the linnet of domestic life,
 Who seeks not, tho' his door be left unty'd,
 To fly away, but in his narrow cage
 Flits happy his accustom'd rounds, and sings
 Ev'n to the passing storm ; pleas'd with my fate,
 My heart was fix'd on thee, nor wish'd to change.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Dear, wond'rous, matchless maid ! how shall I speak
 What boundless love would utter in thy praise !
 How shall I speak what only years can tell !
 But years to come shall be devoted thine ;
 For, never will I leave thee from this hour,
 But as the bee that roams at times abroad,
 Wanders from flower to flower, selects their sweets,
 And bears them to his cell ; thus will I seek
 Where pleasure may be found, then bear the prize
 To her I love, to bless our happy home.

ELISA.

Didst thou but know how leaps my soul to thee
 With gratitude for all this fond regard,
 Thy bounteous love would feel an added joy.
 Yet sad obstructions rise like rocks between
 Thy hopes and permanent repose ; for, ah !
 A foreign land, a savage foe, and these,
 These barbarous chains, that I thy guiltless foe

Have

Have fix'd on thee, all, all are bars to peace.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Say not that aught shall follow thee but peace.
 These chains I glory in as proofs of love,
 As honour'd proofs of matchless love from thee.
 For I have heard of thy distinguish'd faith,
 When recognis'd I stood beneath the gaze
 That blaz'd thy secret forth; yet did I think,
 So marvellous the tale, it was the dream
 Of some licentious or designing dame,
 And therefore lightly did I give it hearing.
 How could I think of thee? so far I err'd,
 That he who told me, when he urg'd it home
 And press'd it on me to avow my love,
 With promise of his private aid, but wrought
 Upon my anger, and some words ensu'd
 Which drove him hence in rage. I hope he will
 Not as a crime remember it against me,
 When I lay open to him all my heart.
 Who could so much thy purity admire,
 As to befriend it, hazard all his hopes,
 Nay, hazard life itself, must gen'rous be,
 And I'll be proud to rank him as my friend.

ELISA.

What is his name of whom you speak?

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

I know not.

ELISA

ELISA.

It can alone be HELI. I know none
 Of all the Prince's train, of gen'rous mind
 To act a friendly part, but only him.
 If it be so he has my secret too:
 For, ere you came, we had concerted flight,
 And this, this very night was to effect it.
 If you were free, success might wait us still.
 Beneath the eastern promontory's height,
 Soon after midnight, when the moon is set,
 A vessel will be ready to receive us,
 In which embark'd we straightway sail for France,
 Through which, if heav'n so order it, we haste
 Once more to greet our native happy shore.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Grant me, ye guardian ministers of man!
 Again in peace to tread my native clime.
 Far from the despot may I pass my days,
 Who limits clofs the mind, and stern assigns
 Alike to brutes and men the heavy task!
 O! may I live, where reason still explores
 Whate'er can aid the dignity of man!
 Where labour is secure of what he saves,
 And ev'ry cottage is a sacred shed!
 And still, my fair, be thine the task to smile,
 Tho' cares may come, upon my bosom, thus!
 Thus may thy tenderness reward my love,
 And grant, O heav'n! that I may never lose it!
 Then, if the parents honour'd name were ours,

With

With pleasure would we see our offspring rise,
 Assist with mutual aid their early toils,
 Teach them with knowledge how to win applause,
 And how by goodness to accomplish peace.
 Then should we look on age, hoary and hale,
 As on a friend who came to warn us hence,
 To tell us we must pass the gloomy grave,
 But that the dreary region leads to bliss,
 To bliss unmingled, and eternal joy !

Enter ACHMET.

Eternal furies blast thee !

ELISA.

All is lost,

It is the Prince,

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

The Prince !

ACHMET.

Yes, slave, it is !

Where wilt thou now, a liar as thou art,
 Conceal thy daring treachery ? Where wilt thou,
 Fraught with vile cunning, fly from punishment ?
 Where wilt thou, caitiff, fly from me ?

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

To virtue !

To that integrity within me, which can bear

To be revil'd for meanness which I scorn.

ACHMET:

Audacious slave! if to thy frontless face
Thou wear'st an equal fortitude, 'tis well.
It shall have proof. Who waits? [*Enter Guards.*] Bear
hence this slave.
Bear him to death; to death with all its tortures!

ELISA.

O, save him! save him! Pour your rage on me.
I am the wretch that calls for all your tortures.
Think where I am, and how I hither came;
He came not here to me: 'Twas guile alone,
The use of thy most sacred name with fraud,
That brought me here: 'Twas love that forg'd the fraud;
'Twas love to him, and fix'd dislike to thee.

ACHMET.

Perdition! What is greatness when it stoops
To be controul'd by petulance like thine?
Cause like the weasel in the lion's clutch,
Thou hadst thy will a while, and ran away,
Think'st thou, detected as thou art in treachery,
Because I order not thy instant death,
That vengeance is extinct? By Mahomet,
If lingers punishment upon its way,
'Tis that I may upbraid thee, that I may
Inform thee of the glory thou hast lost,
And of the horrors that but now await thee.

R

ELISA.

ELISA.

If only vengeance can assuage thy rage,
A self-devoted victim here I stand ;
On me alone let all thy fury fall.
Yet I had thought, tho' fiery was thy wrath,
That lurking mercy mingled with the flame ;
For thou hast talk'd of love, with seeming zeal,
And sure, where love can act a generous part,
If I can judge, 'tis ever most romantic.
Then give thy pure emotions ample scope,
Against thyself decide the righteous cause,
And generous give me to my chosen lord.

ACHMET.

How! ay, and substitute for carnal joy
An intellectual bliss! Is it not so?

ELISA.

Is not the man completely blest who sees
His neighbour smile ; who knows it was himself
That lighted up the rapture in his eye ;
Who knows, too, he achiev'd it at the price
Of rival passions struggling to have birth?

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

This, this indeed is intellectual joy!
The slave condemn'd to die, who ghastly looks
On all the dreadful instruments of death around,
If chance a pardon give him back to life,
Will feel a pleasure all mankind can share ;

Yet self-condemn'd the guilty wretch remains.
 'Tis but a fordid joy, and often leaves
 The man more wretched, hated in himself.
 The surest transport is, when passions rise,
 When strong temptations take the baser part,
 And plead for rapine, perfidy, or murder,
 To throw the golden lures of vice aside;
 And firm in virtue, stedfastly resolve
 To act alone for justice, truth, and mercy!
 This is redemption from internal hate;
 It is the triumph of ourselves; the link
 That joins the human to the race divine!

ACHMET.

'Tis nobly said, I think, and wisely too.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Then let its operation set us free,
 I would not meanly plead, even for my life,
 But must not proudly throw that life away.
 Submissive, therefore, to the power that joins
 This fair one's fate with mine, thus low I bend,
 And pray, implore, conjure thee to relent,
 And seize the transport of the godlike mind!

ACHMET.

I will.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

So shalt thou prompt our willing prayers.

R 2

ACHMET.

ACHMET,

I say I will: Thou dost not doubt my word!

ELISA,

Thy word is sacred.

ACHMET.

Yes,

ELISA.

I hope—

ACHMET.

What, hope!

I'd have thee hope. Nay, more, I'd have thee be
 Affur'd of certain pardon; so that I,
 When hope and certainty were at their height,
 Might dash the brittle fabric to the ground,
 And blast thee, thus—Guards, seize the slaves! seize
 both!
 And drag them forth to instant execution.

Enter a MESSENGER,

How now, caitiff, speak, wouldst thou aught with me

MESSENGER.

O mighty Prince! thy Captain HELI has
 With others in a hired ship conspir'd
 To sail at midnight from the state.

ACHMET

EL

A mo

ACHMET.

HELI!

Damnation! let him go. Why torture me?
But let me see the slave, and see him bound,
Begone.

MESSENGER.

The British lady too, was—

ACHMET.

How!

MESSENGER.

Was to have fled with him.

ACHMET.

The plot was good.

I can't but laugh to think how I should look
To-morrow when our guest was gone. Hell! hell!
What art thou but unsatisfied vengeance?
Did I not, tardy slaves, command them hence
To death, and do you linger still? Furies!
This instant bear the forcerefs to her fate!
Strike off her head, and so dispose the scene,
That this fell traitor may behold, and boast
That he was rival to a Prince.—Away.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

ELISA! O my love! O Prince, forbear!
A moment stay!

ACHMET.

ACHMET,

Ye slaves, I say away.

ELISA.

O God support me in this awful hour.

[Exit with Guards,

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

O Prince, if yet thou wilt relent, lo! lo!
Thy humbled captive kneels, and prostrate calls
Upon thee, as upon his God, to hear
And heal that anguish that calls out for mercy!

ACHMET.

Vile traitor! if thy Gods are deaf as I am,
Perish!

[Exit,

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Almighty father of eternal right!
Forgive, forgive, the agony of mind
That crown'd with attributes of thine a monster.
And if what nature shrinks at I must bear,
O fix with fortitude the starting nerve,
That virtue may be honour'd in my suffering.
I will I hope be firm, and yet I fear.
The solitude I'm left in is most awful.
My soul recoiling on itself looks round
And sickens at the dreadful circling gulph.
Would I were swallow'd in the yawning deep!

The

The trumpet sounds! 'tis misery to think,
 And misery to wake from thinking! Tyrant!
 Are these the favours that confess thy love?
 And is the block the bridal bed for thee,
 O my ELISA!

[The Guards enter in the back-ground with torches, and form a double row in perspective from the window of the prison. In the center is placed a block. ELISA then enters followed by the Executioner.]

Lo! the victim comes.

Who would believe I saw, and could survive it!
 And wherefore should I—wherefore should I live?—
 Yet, yet, be calm,—her thoughts are bent to heav'n
 Where they are fixt. O beauteous sacrifice!
 The world is nothing now to thee. One step,
 One dreadful step, and it is left behind.
 The tyrant will not overtake thee there.

OFFICER.

Slaves of the mighty ACHMET, hear me, and obey.
 When from its trunk the victim's head is struck,
 Let each man dash his torch upon the ground,
 That utter darkness may succeed and silence.
 It is the Prince's will.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Tyrant refin'd!

Think'st thou thy cruelty is not complete
 That I must muse to find out all its horror!

O

O God! the crisis comes, 'tis horrible!

ELISA *coming forward.*

ELISA.

—But if he must, O grant him fortitude,
And give him hopes like mine of endless glory.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

O God!

[*ELISA lays her head upon the block, and the Executioner takes his stroke, but a movement of the multitude intercepts a view of the catastrophe; and the Guards extinguishing their lights leave the scene in darkness.*]

I heard the stroke that set her free.
Now, tyrant, send thy bloody mandate here,
I've witness'd how with dignity to die,
And long to imitate the great example.

ACHMET *without.*

By Mahomet 'tis false,—'tis false as hell!
I meant but to alarm: I knew the stroke,
If it were struck, would be my own damnation.
Accursed slave! You knew that I ador'd her:
You knew I would repent: 'Twas to fulfill
Some malice, ruffian, of your own, you struck.
Guards, drag the slave to torture. Me accurs'd
All have conspir'd against. What is command
Where all betray? Hell! hell! it makes me mad

SHA

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Mysterious are thy ways, O providence !
To punish guilt. Accomplish'd fury here
Works out so direfully its own destruction,
That death, to what he feels, must be an opiate.

Enter ACHMET, followed by the Ghost of ELISA.

ACHMET.

It was not I ! Why dost thou follow me ?
Why dost thou look so fixt, so terrible ?
Rather I would that ATLAS from his base
Should rise and bury me, than see thee thus.
Have patience, and I will redeem the blow.
Who waits ! Fellow, I say get thee a harp,
And strike it with a dirge 'till I return.

[Going, he sees the SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.]

Dost thou—ha—study physic too ? How's this !
My orders were to strike these fetters off.
Deny it if you dare ; and still it is undone.
Villain, villain ! off with the chains, I say,
Or I will dash thy brains out. There, 'tis well !
Art thou not yet appeas'd ?

[To the Ghost of ELISA.]

Wilt thou not look

With less'n'd horror on me ? Thou wilt not !
Say, do not thou approach ; for if thou do,
I'll rush into the flames. O I am lost !
Surrounded with a flood of liquid fire.
Where shall I run ? Where shall I hide my head ?
Will nothing save my soul from dire damnation ?

S

No !

No! no! Eternal furies now I come!
 Welcome eternal flames! Despair! despair!

[Exit, followed by the Ghost.]

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

When I would curse him I am mute; so dire
 The vengeance is he takes upon himself.
 O! how should erring man in every sphere
 To reason call for help! and O, religion!
 Call to thee to be his guide and guard!

[Exit]

SCENE, a woody back-ground. Over an opening is suspended a Scroll, upon which is written:

TRAVELLER,

THOU WHO SEEKEST HAPPINESS,
 BY A PERSEVERANCE IN THE PATHS OF VIRTUE,
 APPROACH THE TEMPLE.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

When the last dreadful trumpets blow,
 Dissolve the hid the latent force
 That held each planet in its course;
 When loos'ned headlong they shall go
 Along the universe, in ruin hurl'd;
 Who in this nether world,
 When graves give up their dead,
 Shall unapall'd be steady found
 Amidst the millions waking round?

Who undismay'd shall lift his head,
And o'er the scene tremendous firmly tread?

Not he whom crouds beheld with awe
Above the reach of human law:

The objects of his pride,
The lofty palace, garden fair,
Beyond the grave he cannot bear:

His rich attire is thrown aside,
His gold and jewels left behind,
He stands dependent in his mind:
How sad, if self-condemn'd he shrink!
How dreadful must it be to think.!

Where thousands may upbraiding pass,
How must he tremble at the face
Of him his cruelty consign'd
To death, or more ignoble blows:
Or to the dungeon dark resign'd,
To brood unheard upon his woes!

How must the man unknown to fame,
Who envied not another's lot,
Who shunn'd the splendour of a name,
Contented in his simple cot,
Superior feel when worlds expire
Midst peals of thunder, floods of fire!

[During the Chorus the SHADE OF ST. CLOUD proceeds
on his journey as directed by the Scroll.]

S 2

SCENE,

SCENE, a rich Pavilion, with the prospect of a luxuriant country at a distance.

Enter the SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

Thy sacred temple, Happiness ! at last
Do I approach, and tread thy holy ground !
I do. The glad sensations in my breast,
As I advanc'd, announc'd thy happy clime.
The umbrage of the branchy sycamores
That throw their lengthen'd shadows o'er the field
The breeze from orange and from myrtle groves ;
The nightingale's sweet voice, who now recites
His evening song, and all the glorious hues
That tinge the western sky, have charm'd me so,
That I but want the rational delights
Of friendship, love, and cordial talk,
To make, O Happiness ! the bliss complete.
And lo ! my friends, obedient to my wish !

[The Fairies enter, and unfold a curtain in the front of the Pavilion, where are discovered the OLD MAN, CLEORA, RODOLPHUS, and the Inhabitants of the Cave of Sorrow.]

Inferior expectation hop'd not this.

OLD MAN.

Friend of my age, and soother of my sadness,
Welcome !

CLE

CLEORA,

Friend and protector of my honour,
Welcome!—

ALL.

Welcome! thrice welcome! welcome!

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

And are we met to live in peace for ever?
Are all our dangers, sufferings, sorrows past?
Shall we the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,
Or mutual smiles of heart-exhaling joy
exchange? We shall. We shall. The pledge of
peace,
The bond of every blessing comes, ELISA!

ELISA enters from the Temple.

Again, again, I hold thee in my arms.
And can I thus enfold thee, love? Can I
hold thee thus, reflect upon the past
And not be wilder'd with my present joy?
Made giddy with delight my brain turns round;
For every sufferings but exalt my bliss,
And all the future rises to my view
With beams ineffable, with smiles eternal.
I see, an Angel comes upon his cloud
To ratify our entrance on delight.
The kind adviser of my journey comes!

The

The ANGEL descends on a Cloud.

Hail, spirit of peace ! more awful is thy mein,
 Seated sublime upon thy silver cloud,
 Than when thou last with me vouchsaf'dst to talk
 In friendship's guise ; yet, yet thy look is such,
 That kindness flows from it like light,
 And gives me confidence to bend, and bless thee.

ANGEL.

Traveller, thy duties past were well perform'd;
 Yet Happiness is far as ever from thee.
 Start not, nor think thy travel is in vain.
 Man is but born from care to care to tread,
 And on the journey, if a transient joy
 He meet, 'tis but to lure him farther on,
 To lesser pleasures, and to greater toils;
 For his reward is in an after scene.
 Happy is he who 'midst the conflict can
 Preserve unshaken, uncorrupt, his conscience;—
 Who can reflect on sorrows past, and smile;
 Nor shrink from promis'd ills; for well he knows
 That life is not for happiness but virtue.
 Epitome of life ! on thy excursion
 If thou canst reflect without a blush,
 Surely thy troubles have not been in vain.
 But conscience is thy judge. To it I leave thee.

SHADE OF ST. CLOUD.

'Tis disappointment all. From Happiness

If I am distant still, say then, where am I?

What is this Temple? Ha! and art thou gone!

[*The Angel vanishes.*

Dissolv'd in circling air! 'Tis strange! What now!

[*All vanishes.*

My friends, ELIZA too! What! fled! Amazement!

Whither will it lead? and now—What have we here?

[*Seeing a Scroll unfurled by the Fairies on the front of the Pavilion.*]

TEMPLE OF SLEEP.

HAPPINESS HAS LONG BEEN RETIRED FROM THE EARTH,

AND SLEEP WAS AMONG THE BEST GIFTS

THAT SHE LEFT BEHIND HER.

HE WHO WOULD ENJOY THE BLESSINGS SHE BESTOWS,

MUST BE

TEMPERATE, INDUSTRIOUS, GENEROUS, AND JUST;

HE MUST BE

A STRANGER TO THE HORRORS OF VICE,

BUT ACCUSTOMED TO THE SORROWS OF VIRTUE.

RETURN THEN, TRAVELLER, TO THY FRIENDS;

PRACTISE VIRTUE.

SO SHALL THE DREAMS OF LIFE BE PLEASANT,

AND, WHERE HAPPINESS ALONE CAN BE FOUND,

THE DAY OF ETERNITY DELIGHTFUL!

How awfully afflicting and consoling!

But now,—Temple of Sleep,—if this be sleep,

And

And these appearances around me false,
 What is it to awake? Why, life itself
 Must be a dream, when sense can thus be cheated,
 What am I, if I do not see these clouds,
 Low'ring and dark, deform the setting day,
 Portentous of a storm?—And hark! the thunder.
 Distant it rolls its course, but—nearer now.
 See! see! That flash reveals the distant hills!
 And now the gloom is horrible. Again!
 Mercy! can nature stand a shock like this!
 It reels!—it must to wreck!—the mountains rock!
 Earth opens!—smokes!—O would it were a dream

[*The SHADE vanishes in a column of smoke, and the
 Scene changes to the Arbour, where ST. CLOUD
 discovered starting from sleep.*]

* * * * *